VOL. XVIII.
NO. 1

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
MAY

TORONTO PUBLIC LI... DEFER...

Taking The Nerve-Cure Under Fire

Dec'r 21 191

By Corporal H. R. Gordon

Illustrated from Photographs

AT THE FRONT IN FRANCE, April 3.—Being at war is not in the least like the fancy pictures of heroism and excitement that we used to think it was in the far-off days, eternities ago, when we wore clean collars, and took hot baths. This war, in its present stage is a very matter-of-fact business. Since leaving England we've felt more like Bohunks on a construction gang than like a thin red line of heroes.

True, there has been the big fight at Neuve Chappelle, as well as a baker's dozen of less deadly but equally effective engagements at other points where the Germans have given ground and—what is more important—confidence to us green 'uns. I've had plenty of shots fired at me and more than once been under machine gun fire in the open. But it was singularly unreal and unexciting. One could scarcely believe that the crack zipp of the rifle bullets, or the crack, crack of the machine guns, meant any more harm than firecrackers going off in front of the Grand Stand at the Exhibition.

We've enjoyed ourselves thoroughly so far, because we've been seeing new things and people, and having new experiences every day. But soon we'll be used to seeing windmills and shell-wrecked churches, and talking to wrinkled peasants, and making tea in muddy ditches. I was going to say that we'd even get tired of listening to British regular soldiers, but I'll take that back. I've never seen finer men than the British soldiers, nor heard or read better stories than some they told us.

No doubt when the big campaign really opens out, and we start in earnest to back the Germans out of France and Belgium, we'll have plenty of excitement and hardship, but we look upon life at present as a rather drab and monotonous succession of hardworking, slightly uncomfortable, somewhat dangerous days and nights. We are beginning to find that the impressions made by the new experiences are not so sharp now as they were in the first days. Perhaps the experiences themselves are less strange, or maybe we have become hardened. But those first impressions are sharp and clear, no single edge has been worn down. For that reason I shall begin at the beginning.

We all feel years older than the gang who lined up at midnight, back at Bustard Camp, Salisbury, a little less than two months ago, to go on active service. We hoisted our packs painfully on our shoulders. Extra clothes, and one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition made the load each of us had to carry something like seventy-five pounds. With that we slopped laboriously through the mud to Amesbury and put our stuff on the train by the light of acetylene flares. A railway journey of several hours took us to an unexpected port. The limit of speed of troop trains seems to be something under twenty miles invariably. We went on board ship in the rain, and huddled into cramped cabins. Our transport had evidently been used chiefly for horses and the accommodation for humans was somewhat limited. Some of us found refuge in an empty stall in the forehold, clean but chilly. Others bunked in an empty coal bunker, warm but dirty. Fortunately, the weather was bright while we were crossing the Channel, and we could stay up on deck all day.

We bought chupatties and tea from the Lascar crew and listened to the two Lascars in the crowsnest shouting to the bridge that "haloo hookum hai" or words to that effect. In English, that there were no submarines in sight. Beyond a couple of tramp steamers and a battleship, we saw no ships on the passage over.

International News Service
WE ADMIRED THEIR BAYONETS, VERY LONG, VERY THIN AND VERY EFFECTIVE-LOOKING

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International News Service

EVEN THE MEN OF MERCY ARE HELD UP FOR PROPER CREDENTIALS BEFORE PASSING THE SENTRIES BEHIND THE FIRING LINE

We were off our port in the early dawn, but had to wait several hours for a pilot to come out. We steamed into harbor by a devious course, no doubt through minefields, past a Danish tramp and a Russian hospital ship. Rain began to fall as we warped in beside a substantial granite pier. Two French soldiers, in baggy red trousers, strolled up and down smoking cigarettes, and keeping back a horde of youngsters in sabots and blue cotton smocks who wanted anything they could get from the foreigners. The French sentries impressed us as picturesque, but a bit slack. We admired their bayonets, very long, very thin, very effective-looking beside our broad knife bayonets.

We disembarked and marched up the quay to the outskirts of the town. People fetched us chocolates and bread. Girls watched us being served out with fur coats, and giggled when we turned ourselves into "Teddy Bears" by putting them on. After dark we marched through the town. We kept to the right, we passed board fences with signs on them and wooden houses. It was almost like Montreal.

For the railway journey "side door pullmans" were our portion. Forty of us had to pack into a diminutive box car. We stayed cramped in there for ages. The train averaged about fifteen miles and we had plenty of time to view the landscape. We passed white-washed farmhouses with concave roofs, just like the farmhouses in Quebec, little churches, and fields with ragged bridges. The countryside was not so primly neat as the English country, and we felt more at home. Very few men were to be seen. Once we saw some recruits drilling very smartly and some sentries patrolling, very free and easy. At one town the municipal authorities sent round cans of hot coffee. They helped the regulation rations of bully beef and biscuits immensely. At the same station we passed a French hospital train. One of the orderlies came over to our train:

"Vous allez dégorger les Bosches?" he inquired, and illustrated his question by a lunge, as if with a bayonet.

We nodded, and "we, we'd" and he smiled.

A very handsome woman in deep mourning who carried a wreath looked across from the opposite platform. She did not smile.

Some gamins provided amusement three stations farther up by dodging up to the train, asking for souvenirs, and skipping nimbly across ploughed fields when two gendarmes lumbered up to drive them away.

A few miles short of railhead we stopped for a time beside a British hospital. An amazingly cheerful youngster, barely twenty, with a shattered arm, leaned out of the window, and told us to, "Keep your heads down when you get into the trenches." He added that "We can shift the Germans whenever we want to. I give the war till May to be over." We were cheered up very much.

At our destination we were dumped out into the dark upon a muddy road. Our platoon worked hard unloading transport wagons, etc., while the rest of the battalion went on. We took a wrong turning when we followed, and went a mile out of our way. We reached our billet after midnight, cursing sulphurously. Our billet was a barn on a farm that had been visited by the Germans. They had only been there for half a day, and had then managed to get away with a horse—of immense value according to the shrivelled-faced peasant who was our host—all the food in the house, and some fodder. They had threatened to shoot the farmer, and had murdered a civilian in a little estaminet a quarter of a mile up the road.

Our friend the farmer was almost reimbursed for all his losses by the sale of coffee and bread, or "caffy" and "pang," to us. When we left, he remarked that when Germans quartered themselves on him, they took everything movable, when English soldiers were there he lost a shotgun, but he'd like to have Canadians with him all the time. His daughter-in-law made sure that no one had more than one lump of sugar in a cup of coffee.

Orders to move up to the firing line came much sooner than we expected. We bathed, on the installment plan, under the pump, and changed our underclothes. Early the next morning we started out in a driving rain. We had to march seventeen miles. Most of us were wearing new, stiff, ammunition boots. After we'd gone ten miles our feet were sore. The last five miles were the longest I've ever travelled over. When I took my boots off my socks were soaked with blood, and I was by no means the only one in the platoon with bad feet. That seems ages ago, and my heels are still sore. It was more the pace than the distance that made the march hard. We had to march by schedule in order to avoid meeting other columns.

The following evening we went up to the trenches. We clumped painfully over a couple of miles of cobblestones to a crossroads. Our guide, a casual

Tommy smoking a pipe, met us. We followed him round a corner.

"The German trenches are up this road," he said. "In case of machine gun fire, two files go to each side of the road, into the ditch."

We should have felt excited then, but we didn't. We were more occupied with our blistered feet than anything else. We came to a farmhouse, half ruined by shell fire.

"We'll get off across the field," said our guide.

As we floundered through the sticky clay we heard several sharp cracks, and bullets whined over our heads. We ducked instinctively.

"Look out for Jack Johnson holes," our guide cautioned us. I almost stepped into one, a round hole, four feet across, full of water. At last our guide led us down a little passage. We found ourselves standing on a narrow board, between walls of slimy clay.

Coals glowed faintly in braziers at the mouth of square holes. Mysterious forms bent over the fires, busy with steaming tins. At intervals, figures stood upright, with streaks of white beside them. We were in the trench, looking along the line of dugouts or "booby hatches" and seeing sentries on the lookout.

We were distributed in ones and twos among the regulars who occupied the trench. On the way to my place I slipped off the board, and went up to my knees in mud and water. I was placed in dugout with "Gippie" Smith, sniper and scout for the platoon.

His, or our booby hatch, was a hole five feet long, four feet wide and three feet high. Planks supported the earth and sandbags which formed its roof. The floor was covered with clean straw. A small wooden box contained tea and sugar, an empty sandbag, bread. Tins of bully beef, jam and "McConk" (a meat and vegetable ration), were piled in a corner. Our kits hung from nails. Near the entrance of the dugout was the fireplace, a biscuit box punched full of holes, and suspended from a beam by a bit of wire. An oil sheet draped across the entrance served as a door. The "bivvy" was surprisingly warm and comfortable.

"Gippie" made me very welcome, and gave me tea and biscuits. He was a reservist, and had been out at the front since September. He did not want to say much about the war. He was much more concerned about a brother who had lived in Toronto for a time, and was now farming somewhere up in New Ontario.

A jolly, talkative, roundfaced corporal lifted the flap of our "bivvy" and pulled me out to show me the duties of section commander in a trench. He showed me the position of the sentries, and the officers' dugouts, and told me when to relieve sentries and report to the officer of the night. Also he had much to say about the small tricks which make all the difference between the recruit and the veteran. He showed me his store of bombs—jam tins filled with guncotton and scraps of iron—to be used for blowing up attacking Germans. Then we sat down in a big "bivvy" around a tea pot on a brazier, and listened to yarns.

A smooth-faced youngster barely out of his teens puffed at a cigarette sent out by some tobacco fund from England, and told about "Dead Man's Alley."

"Over on our right here," he said, "there is a bit of a trench that was left unoccupied by a regiment that relieved us. The Germans got in. Our major led a party to retake it. Just as he got to the end of the communication trench a German saw him and shot him. The major fell over, and said, 'That man shot me.' We went for the bloke and we all give him a jab. We cleaned out the trench. I saw one bloke with a bayonet wound straight through his head. We didn't want to take much trouble to bury the blighters, because it wasn't our trench, so we just put a little earth over them and left them in the trench. The other regiment wouldn't bury them proper either. We had to occupy the trench ourselves a bit later. One of the German blokes was buried just by the communicating trench. His arm stuck out. Some of our lot used to shake hands with him."

An older man related a "bloody marvellous" thing he'd seen.

"We were on one side of a road and the Germans on the other, all firing like blazes at each other, when down the middle of the road came a poor woman out of a shelled farm with seven children behind her. They came right down the road. I was nigh to crying. But she wasn't hit, nor any of her kiddies. Bloody marvellous, I calls it."

Another told of a surprise.

"We were driving the Germans back," he said, "and came up to a village. Our captain said, 'We're in for a surprise, lads.' And we bloody well were, for we lost four hundred men."

The group around the brazier melted away. I went back to the "bivvy" to

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STAR SHELLS MAKE IT EASIER AT NIGHT FOR OUR SNIPERS TO PICK OFF ANY GERMANS WHO ATTEMPT TO REPAIR THEIR WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS

get an hour or two of sleep before going on duty. "Gippie" was looking over a pair of night binoculars that had once been the property of a German officer.

"I'm going out in front a bit," he said, "I'll take one of your blokes with me."

He took a drink of tea, gave me one, and slipped down the trench. A minute or two later word was passed from sentry to sentry, "Scouting party out in front." I dozed off to sleep, listening to my friend the corporal in a neighboring "bivvy" coughing like a consumptive.

Somebody pulled my foot.

"Time to go on, corporal," said a voice.

For the next three hours I went up and down a section of trench, seeing that the sentries attended strictly to business. At intervals, a star shell would flood the ground with light, and snipers fired a few scattering shots.

By and by the sky turned to gray over the enemies' trenches. The order came down the sentry line, "Stand to!" Everyone in the trench stood by his rifle ready to fire. An hour or so later, "Day sentries" was ordered and we settled down to the day's business.

Some got to work bailing out the trench with buckets. Others with hurdles and fascines repaired the walls where it showed signs of slipping. Everyone whistled or sang scraps of song. We never heard complaining or grousing, though the men on the working parties had to stand knee deep in mud and water. The nearest thing to a kick I heard came from a Tommy digging out a new bit of trench. His spade struck a mess of leather straps.

"Cripes!" he said, "'ere's one of those bloody Germans. I don't like this."

"Gippy" made up the fire for breakfast while Eddie Giddens, the "bloke" who had gone out scouting with him, told us about his experiences.

"We got right out past the barb wire," he said, "when hully gee, a star shell

Continued on page 50.

The Mother of Mr. Howley

By Arthur Henry

Author of "Suzanne's Big Night," etc.

Illustrated by P. J. Monahan

THE STORY OF HER LOST CAUSE AND HOW IT CAME TO PASS THAT HER WELL-BELOVED SON FAILED TO KNOW WHEN SHE BEGAN TO PACK FOR THE LONG JOURNEY

TWENTY-FIVE years had passed since Mr. Howley built his livery and sales stable, and in that time Toronto had ripped and torn and built and rebuilt around him, until now his building, once a thing to be proud of, was old fashioned. But Mr. Howley was still proud of it. It was a three-story brick affair, with a flat roof and an overhanging cornice stamped with a roseate design. In the center of the cornice was an oblong frame from which protruded a horse's head, a marvel of wood carving, for Mr. Howley had stood over the artist with dogged patience, inspiring him or irritating him as the case might be, until what he wanted was secured. When he took the head home and his mother, wiping her glasses on her apron, had viewed it severely and exclaimed, "It looks like Salt Peter!" all his trouble was rewarded.

Salt Peter, the old family horse of his father, back-woods preacher in a little town, was twenty years old when Tim Howley was born, and was then a marvel of speed and endurance. Most of Tim's youth, from his eighth to his fifteenth year, was spent in the garden or in the back yard cutting wood, and Salt Peter, during all those restless, perplexed and unhappy years, his head thrust out of the window in his stall, watching all he did, his underlip quivering at times as Tim thought in sympathy with his own sobbing spirit, had seemed to him to be his only friend.

Mr. Howley had originally partitioned off two rooms and a bath on the top floor for himself. When his father died and his mother came to live with him, he added three more rooms and engaged a maid—many maids in succession—none of whom Mrs. Howley could tolerate, and eventually it was understood that she would do the housework by herself. It was only after a bitter scene, in which for the first time in his life Tim had risen up against his mother, that she was confined to the housekeeping.

After the washing and ironing and baking were done, and the rooms scrubbed and the mending and darning finished, she would descend upon the

floor below where the horses dwelt and mop the stalls, scolding the amazed stable boys for their shiftlessness and profanity, in language so vigorous that it might better have been profane. She would find two drivers in double-breasted long coats and silk hats, sun-

ning themselves in the doorway while waiting for a call, and order them to wash their hacks or march them into the harness room and set them a task of polishing the nickel ornaments and oiling the leather.

When her conduct became the scandal of the nieghborhood, Mr. Howley said to her at breakfast one morning: "I have never quarreled with you, mother, and I don't intend to——"

"What do you mean ?" she demanded sternly, fixing him with her eyes.

"When I was fifteen, I ran away from home——"

"Tim," she interrupted, "when I consented to come and live with you, I thought it out and decided to forbear to bring that matter to account, and I have forbore—but you'd better let it lie——"

"And I'll do it again," continued Mr. Howley firmly, "if you ever interfere with anybody around this place again—except me."

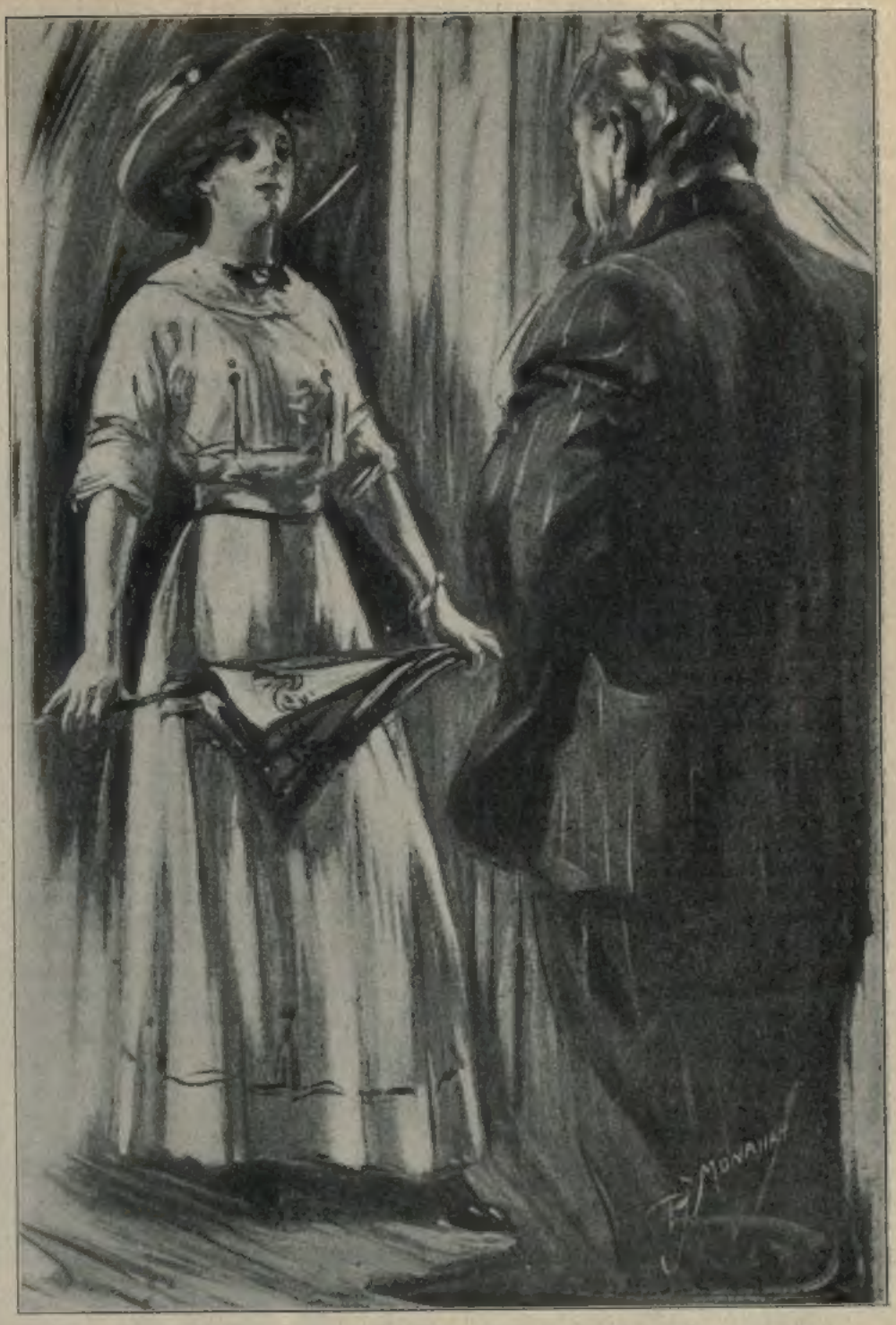
"Tim Howley, stop before a bolt from Heaven strikes you."

"Don't you speak to the men, except to wish them 'Merry Christmas,' and I tell you this—" he brought his fist down with a terrific blow, unfortunately exactly in the center of his coffee cup, smashing it to bits and splashing the contents everywhere.

"Tim !" cried his mother, jumping up, "you've cut your hand !"

While he was still gazing in astonishment at the havoc he had wrought and at the ragged gash from which the blood began to flow, Mrs. Howley had whisked out and returned with a basin of hot water, a roll of bandage and a bottle of horse liniment.

This ended the argument and there was never any occasion to resume it. So far as Mrs. Howley was concerned, the business of the stable ceased to exist; but in all other matters, the relations of mother and son remained unchanged. She was humble and solicitous regarding his food, arbitrary as to his wearing flannels and overshoes, and a tyrant regarding his opinions. If he went out for the evening, he knew that she would be waiting up for him on his return, austerely silent until he had given an account of himself.



"I HAVE DECIDED," SAID SUZANNE, "TO KEEP HER NAME KITTEN." HOWLEY STARED, AND MUMBLED AN ABSENT, "THAT'S GOOD"

All this had long since ceased to irritate Mr. Howley. In fact it would have been a lonely home-coming if she had not been there. The austerity of the face no longer impressed him, he felt rather the eager curiosity, the alert intelligence and the yearning affection for himself which she would have considered a weakness to reveal. He no longer felt any uneasy sense of guilt as he climbed the two flights of stairs at midnight from a horse sale, or at two in the morning from a political meeting or a poker game. He would find her in wrapper and nightcap, knitting a pair of socks, the invariable occupation of her sterner moods.

He no long attempted any irrelevant outbursts on entering, such as, "I tell you, it's a stormy night !" or, "Well, mother, what do you think ! Dr. Cook's discovered the North Pole !" He shut the door behind him quickly, saying nothing from easy habit now until he was comfortable in dressing gown and slippers and seated in his armchair. When his story was finished, she would go to the kitchen and return with a bowl of hot gruel in winter, or cold clabber and cream in summer. If she were not displeased with his account she brought two, and as they ate he might impart any information he pleased. Such as the fall of four inches of snow, or the latest scandal in politics. Or they might even have a pleasant chat together. If his evening had been misspent, he ate alone and took his scolding, kissed her and went peacefully to bed.

This had been the state of things for

about three years, when suddenly Suzanne Simpkins, a sedate little dressmaker, had wandered into Dockit's Riding Academy during an auction sale. Returning home at half past eleven that night, Mr. Howley hesitated before entering the room where his mother sat. He had the old guilty feeling of a perfectly innocent victim haled ignominiously to court, charged with safe blowing. He tried as of old to buck himself up with the assurance of a pure heart, and was afraid that he would overdo it as he used to—that he would enter whistling or attempt a pleasantry ending with a hollow laugh. Firmly repressing these impulses of panic, Mr. Howley with one hand holding to his beard as a kind of moral stay, opened the door with the other and closed it behind him.

As he hung his hat and overcoat on the rack he looked at himself in the mirror and saw that his face was flushed. A wild hope that she might think he had been drinking cheered him for a moment. He might even assume a tipsy manner and get off with a scolding on that score, telling her nothing. Experience, however, had early taught him that he was a poor liar. She knew that he never drank to amount to anything, except at the annual banquet of the Horse Dealers' Association, and besides, why should he be so disturbed? What had happened, anyway, that he should hesitate to tell? Nothing. He almost whistled, checked himself in time and passed on into the sitting room. He saw her out of the corner of his eye, in nightcap and wrapper, knitting, her eyes upon her work, her mouth closed in a firm straight line. He threw his coat on the sofa and put on his dressing gown, seated himself in his easy-chair with a grunt of satisfaction, removed his shoes and tucked his feet into his slippers—and then he bolted.

"I've got a great idea," he said, jumping up and standing with his back to the fire. "I'm going to turn the flat roof of this building into a roof garden for the horses."

"What fool suggested that to you?" said his mother grimly.

"Nobody. But why not? I'll have three feet of rich soil spread over it and grow a turf four inches thick. And I'll have trees in tubs and an arbor of honeysuckle vines, where a person can sit and sew if they want to; and a horse or two at a time, if it wasn't feeling quite fit, could wander around there with its shoes off and——"

Mrs. Howley rose rigidly and, putting her work upon the table solemnly, left the room. Mr. Howley took a breath and waited, but she did not return. This was most unusual and presently he went to her room and rapped lightly, with a troubled mind.

"What is it?" came in feeble but icy tones from within.

"Come, mother, I want to tell you about the sale."

"Let it wait until to-morrow."

This was so startling to Mr. Howley, and the voice so strange, that he opened the door abruptly. There she sat upon the edge of the bed as he had never seen her before—a limp old woman with a wan and pathetic face.

"Mother, you are sick!"

"Tim," she said slowly, "all the evening I've had premonitions.

"Something's happened, and it's going to make me sick to hear——"

"Oh, come now, mother! You have a cup of tea. It's early, I got home early on purpose. You come along and have a cup of tea and some gruel with me."

Almost shyly, he put his arm about her and lifted her to her feet, and they went to the kitchen together. Once there, Mrs. Howley's backbone seemed to stiffen.

"Go on back," she said, "and light your pipe. I don't like a man in the kitchen."

Mr. Howley returned to the sitting room and filled his pipe, but forgot to light it. He sat on the edge of his chair, his elbows on the arms of it, staring into the fire at the events of the evening. What was there about it all to have caused all this perturbation? If he had not offered to keep Suzanne's pony for her he could have told his mother a perfectly straight story of the evening and with a clear conscience omitted all mention of her name. He knew, however, that she must have heard the sound of two horses when the men brought them in. So he could not speak of the one he had bought, without accounting for the other one. He rehearsed the matter in several different ways, disastrously.

"I bought Blackbird," he might say, "as I intended. Cost me seven hundred and seventy. Took half an hour to get him, after he reached six hundred, in five and ten dollar bids. Best trimmed gelding I ever saw of his height and weight, and the truest action of any nervous animal I've seen in years. I'd have thought twelve hundred cheap for him."

He could pause a moment, properly enough, contemplating the horse and the bargain. Then he might say, "After the sale some new Western ponies were put up, and a friend of mine bought one of 'em. Wanted me to take care of it. Guess you heard the two come in. It was the biggest crowd at an auction sale I ever saw. Must have been three thousand people there—and a band."

Then he would name over all the men whose names she was familiar with, and tell her what he had said to one or the other of them, and repeat some of the jokes of the auctioneer—not for her amusement, but to help fill up the time and convey the feeling of an evening spent.

When he had told it all, he could hear her say with a cold reserve, "Who was your friend that bought the pony?"

He grew hot and cold, and tried in vain to answer casually, "Well, she's not exactly a friend of mine. Never heard of her before this evening. She happened to be standing near me and we got to talking. Let's see, here's her card." He took it from his leather purse and held it before him. "The most comfortable person to talk to I ever saw. And spirit? Anyone can see she has a lot of it in spite of her quiet ways and her tired look. She's a dressmaker, and I'll bet she's poor. I wonder how old she is—I saw her look everything, from eighteen to forty. And the way she hovered over that bucking broncho, kicking himself loose from his saddle, was like a mother over a child in a fit."

And then Mr. Howley fell into a reverie, the card before him, remembering the tones of her voice, the touch of her hand that had rested so confidently in his and then was away again, like a startled bird. He did not notice his mother's entrance with the gruel, and when she asked in a dry voice:

"What is her name?"

He answered before thinking:

"Suzanne Simpkins."

Mrs. Howley was seized with a trembling. She almost dropped the bowl onto the table, and falling into her chair, threw her apron over her head and wept.

"Mother!" cried Mr. Howley springing up. "What's the matter with you? Confound it all! Here, stop this nonsense!"

He took her hands, gently but firmly, and removed them with the apron from before her face.

"I knew it!" gasped his mother, gazing upon him pitifully.

"Knew what? Thunder and turf!"

"The most awful premonitions weighed upon me as I sat here. I didn't know whether you'd come home a corpse or what. My heart is like ice in my breast. Oh, Tim—I was beginning to think you'd got past all that! But I guess men never do. All that I've done for you will be forgotten. She'll not want me around."

"Mother! Mother!" Mr. Howley was shouting, to no avail. He walked around and around the room, clutching his beard and kicking the chairs as he passed them, raging at the preposterous turn things had taken and at his own impotence to grasp them and set them straight.

He took her two hands in his and sitting on the arm of her chair, said with a forced and impressive calmness:

"You are seeing things. Grieving over nothing. This woman," he spoke coldly, "bought this wild pony and wanted it broke to ride and asked me to do it for her and I said I would, and that's all there is to it."

Mrs. Howley looked up into her son's eyes wistfully and saw not the little lie he knew he was telling but the big one he was unconscious of. And she saw that he was unconscious of it and as she gazed, her soul rose in yearning to her eyes and filled them with a new beauty that was heart-breaking to see, because it seemed, as it was, a stranger there.

"Now, mother," said Mr. Howley persuasively, "you go to bed. I think I'll put on my shoes again and take a look below. I'd like to see the new horses before I go to bed."

"No horses came in to-night." She spoke curtly. "And you know that I will not go to bed until you do."

"The horses didn't come? You must have been sleeping."

"You know I never sleep sitting up. Heaven knows I need it bad enough, with all I have to do. You never seem to think of me."

"But where are they, then?" He began to put on his shoes hurriedly. "They should have been here an hour before me."

From below came a distant rumble. It was the street door of the stable being rolled back.

"There they are now."

He heard hoofs beat faintly on the floor.

"There's only one."

He hurried out and down the stairs, entered the stable on the second floor and as he crossed over and reached the incline for the passage of horses to the ground floor, met one of his hostlers leading Blackbird up.

"Where's the other one?"

"I hope it's in hell," said the man fiercely, holding up a bruised and bleeding hand. "And I got off light."

"Where's Andy?"

"If he's still hanging on to that lady's pet, he's likely on top of the monument. The last I saw of him, he was being dragged up the steps of the Parliament buildings.

Mr. Howley rushed out and up the street toward the park. He had gone four blocks when he saw on the next corner a great crowd collecting.

"Here's Howley!" shouted some one, and the crowd made way.

"Good thing you've got here," said a policeman. "I was just about to send for the reserves."

Mr. Howley, intent upon discovering the trouble, pushed on without reply. He saw his man and four hilarious assistants holding a halter rope and at the other end the head and neck of Suzanne's pony extending from the vestibule entrance to Nolan's. Her fore feet were braced against the sill of the vestibule, her hind feet against the sill of the main door. The five men prevented her from backing further into the place, but they could not drag her out.

"Some one's gone for more rope," said the policeman.

Mr. Howley entered the place by the side entrance and was greeted jovially by the owner, his friend, Mr. Nolan.

"GOOD THING YOU GOT HERE," SAID THE POLICEMAN, "I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SEND FOR THE RESERVES"

The place was full of men, all friends of Mr. Howley's, for this was his district and they all knew that he would not have a blow dealt one of his horses. They were curious to see what he would do about this.

"Why didn't you phone me?" he asked.

"She only just backed in. Any friend of yours is welcome. It's not me that would put her out."

"Have you got a hose?"

"Sure." Nolan went to the cellar door and shouted, "Mike, bring up the hose."

When the hose was brought, Mr. Nolan attached it to a faucet and Mr. Howley, nozzle in hand, called to the men outside.

"Make way there! Give the pony room in front!"

The pony crouched as the stream of water hit her haunches, then bolted to the street. Mr. Howley followed.

"Clear out, you fellows!" he shouted to the crowd. "Get around to the side entrance and have a drink on me."

He stood looking at the pony, as the crowd moved away, encouraged by the policeman and the lure of the refreshment.

"Poor little devil," he said, "you're just about all in and don't know you've got a friend on earth!"

No one without hearing it could realize the quality of Mr. Howley's voice as he said this. It would have been the envy of an orator wishing to move a multitude. The words rolled from him with the unreserved emotion of a great soul, welling with understanding compassion, so natural and real that a horse could feel it. Mr. Howley walked quietly, and with an assured manner, to her head and grasped the halter with a firm hand. The pony bit at him half-heartedly and then, as Mr. Howley stepped out with a mellow, "Come along, sweetheart!" she followed, limping.

By the time they reached the stable, the pony's head was hanging heavily over Mr. Howley's shoulder, her dazed

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WHEN THE AVERAGE TRAVELLER RIDES EASILY OVER THE AVERAGE RAILWAY, HE THINKS LITTLE OF HOW THAT RAILWAY CAME TO BE THERE

The Railroader

THE SWEDES WHO ARE HARD-ROCK MEN; THE ITALIANS WHO CHATTER AND SMOKE CIGARETTES; "PICK-HANDLE HOGAN" AND THE REST OF THE UNQUENCHABLE IRISH BREED—BACKGROUNDED BY THE LONE IMMENSITIES OF THE ROCKIES

By R. T. McDonald

Illustrated from Photographs

"I WONDHER what like av felley was the boss on the Tower o' Babel job!" mused Spike Hennessey, drawing on his pipe in the cool of a British Columbia evening. "Anny ways, whin it comes to furrin languages, 'tis by no more than the thickness o' the divil's whisker he'd be batin' this camp."

Spike was a philosopher and an Irishman. Of all communities under the shining sun, railway construction camps are the most cosmopolitan, and the camp of the Canadian Northern in the jaws of Yellowhead Pass was no exception. Fragments of at least seven or eight languages were littered all over it—not counting dialects. Purring, spitting Russian; Swedish of plaintive inflection; liquid, gesture-cluttered Italian; home-made Quebec French; and nasal Canton Chinese were common as raspberries in August; and there were languages that nobody who spoke English ever ventured to diagnose, — strange-sounding caterwauls from little states of southern Europe, whose children were called in the all-embracing vocabulary of the foreman, "Italian. "The slow and oily Galician, the keen, hardy "mountainy men" of Montenegro, the picturesque Italian with a scarlet flower behind his ear, all answered to the cognomen—and it may here be noted that they answered quick.

When the average traveller rides easily over the average railway, he thinks little of how that railway came to be there, vaguely accepting it as part of the scenery, save where things go wrong and he is held up for three or four hours while a washout's damage is repaired.

But the conception of building a railroad from one point on the map to another is in itself a big thing — the germination of the idea in a human brain a greater one, but the labor of putting it into actual running order is inconceivably the most gigantic task that man has ever set himself on this earth.

An easterner once travelled over a Western Canada line, and in the course of his journey the train came to what is known as a "sink hole." For two hours it was held up while repairs were made. A railway contractor was on board, and pointed down the steep embankment to the muskeg below.

"We have dumped hundreds of thousands of tons of rock and earth down there."

The traveller looked. There was no sign of so much as a single carload, and he asked somewhat dubiously.

"Where has it gone to ?"

The contractor's answer was to take him more than a mile distant from the track, where a number of large and curious looking hillocks bulged out of the earth.

"There is most of our gravel and stone," said the railway contractor. "There is a subterranean channel under the muskeg, and as we dump in the 'filler' it oozes through the channel, and puffs up here. And thousands of people kick about what they call high cost of transportation! A year from now when all this is filled in, nobody will know that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in building this single mile of track."

The Canadian Northern has encountered all the ordinary difficulties as well as separate and peculiar construction problems of its own. No deus ex machina took a blue pencil out of his inside pocket and sketched a bold line across the continent for the C.N.R. For one thing, "Bill and Dan" wouldn't have had the money to materialize such a conception all at once. One hundred miles of track belonging to the Lake Manitoba and Canal Railway Company acquired in 1899, gave the Siamese Twin promoters their first taste of personally owned steam power, and the subsequent growth of the road has been a series of such lucky buys, hyphened up by C. N. constructed stretches put in afterward.

January 23rd, 1914, was the wedding day of coast to coast, the date on which the final tie that binds had the final rail laid on top of it, to finish its ten-thousand-mile course.

But back of that lies effort of herculean character carried on by thousands of men like Spike Hennessy's gang, in dim tunnel and stark cut, men who sing and smoke and play cards under the shadow of eternal mountains, and live their own unknown, joy-and-sorrow, rove-and-reap existence, outside the last bounds of the fastest coming civilization.

Foremost in the hard rock game, the Yellowhead Pass game, stands the Swede, Viking ever, even when the long beaked barque of his ancestors is turned into a sharp nosed pick, to cleave stone instead of sea.

You never catch a Swede wasting time. Where five or six Italians would be found making strenuous efforts to lift a big and obstinate rock into the dump-car, each advising all the rest meanwhile, and ending up with a joyful whoop of accomplishment after some fifteen minutes of hard work, a Swede calmly bull-dozes the rock with a few sticks of dynamite, and a shovel of fine earth. Afterwards, that rock can be swept up with a broom.

With ingenuity and determination like this, the Swede rises. Sometimes he even hews his way up into contractordom like Henning, who started in fifteen years ago, wheeling muskeg at seventeen cents a yard. Now he owns the controlling interest in the big contracting firm of Palmer Bros. & Henning, and is a millionaire. He had the

Moose Lake contract from Mile 27 to Mile 35, B.C.—eight miles of heavy work, including the tunnel, and further down he had fifty-seven miles under construction, from Mile 49 south. On this work there were many earth tunnels and some heavy, sidehill work. Mile 49, a typical railroad town, is known as Henningville. He saw after the work in person, and is a familiar figure on the line.

Next to the Swedes in number, and affording the strongest possible contrast to them, are the excitable Italians. To pass directly from a Swedish gang into a dago gang is to translate yourself into a different world. The silent, hardstriking determination of the Swedes vanishes. Instead, the work is carried on to an accompaniment of constant temperamental chatter. The inevitable cigarette is everywhere in evidence. One or two, with their racial passion for gay colors, wear a flaming scarlet flower stuck behind their ears. Picturesque, handsome, light-hearted, they work like a hill of ants. But they lack the necessary ballast and judgment to manage anything involving thought and patience, and with a few notable exceptions do not rise above ordinary station work. Pick and shovel artists they are—but artists to the last greasy curl of their black hair. They can admire a sunset, and whistle airs from grand opera as easily as they can use a knife.

Belgians are a more recent factor on construction work, but are greatly in demand. Sober, earnest and industrious, they keep much to themselves. Some thousands of them were shipped straight from Belgium to various parts of the work on the C. N. R. lines, and they have given the greatest satisfaction. Coming, as they do, from a low lying country, they have no experience of rock work, so they confined their attention to earth cuts on the Yellowhead line and they have been very successful.

The Russians and Austrians were also in pretty strong force and are of a better physical standard than the Italians, while the work they handle is generally somewhat harder too. Galicians are usually found about the camps in the capacity of "bull-cooks." They find the variety in that job more to their liking than a day's steady shoveling. The bull cook's duties are many though never very arduous. He rises at 5 o'clock, lights the fires in the men's bunk houses and fills the drinking pails with fresh water and does the "chores" round the camp generally for the day, such as sweeping out the bunkhouses after breakfast, filling the lamps, bringing supplies to the cook-shack and splitting wood.

Germans are few and Englishmen still fewer; work in the city is more suited to their taste. However, the Germans who venture into railroading usually do fairly well. They are often found in the position of "straw" boss, a sort of under foreman who has charge of a gang in a long cut on which many gangs are engaged under one manager.

The teamsters or "skinners" as they are known, are for the most part Scotch or French Canadians, and Irishmen are found at all kinds of jobs. One of the most noteworthy and popular Irishmen on the C. N. R. West of the Yellowhead was "Pick-handle Hogan." Seven years ago he was working on the grade. Now he is a big contractor and had 15 miles of very heavy work in hand. Genial and popular there is seldom trouble in his camps and many of the men who work for him now, worked with him when he was in the grade. To better understand the hardy spirit of the railroader it should be known he went "broke" more than once before he found success.

The most spectacular class of achievement in construction is undoubtedly tunnel work, and for this the Swede is indispensable and glorious. The tunnel at Mile 32, B. C., where the Canadian Northern crawls through the Yellowhead Pass some sixty or seventy feet above the right-of-way, is entirely the work of Swedes, Henning's gangs.

The tunnel is 1,335 feet in length—not remarkable as far as that goes. But for sheer devilishness, it would be hard to find its equal. The skyline about it contains not only the jagged weathered peaks of the Selkirks, but the roundedly symmetrical summits of the Rockies as well. These latter are more or less a huge fold, lapped back on itself, sedimentary deposits, so twisted in places as to form circles. Rocks of this nature are peculiarly difficult to tunnel. Sometimes a "shot" will dislodge a mass as big as a house, sometimes it will only blow out a stove-pipe hole in the twisted seams.

Tunnel work is all done from the top—that is, the roof of the tunnel, known technically as the "heading," is first put in. This heading is from four to six feet high, the top of it eventually becoming the top of the tunnel. Once the heading is constructed, the tunnel is enlarged by blowing up the benches of rock which form its floor until the grade of the line is reached.

In this instance, four headings were started. This meant commencing somewhere about the centre of the tunnel, and working back east and west towards both portals, as well as in from the portals themselves. Consequently a "drift" was run in at a

FRAGMENTS OF AT LEAST SEVEN OR EIGHT LANGUAGES WERE LITTERED ALL OVER THE CAMP, FROM GESTURE-CLUTTERED ITALIAN, DOWN TO HOME-MADE QUEBEC FRENCH

THE VARIETY AND PICTURESQUENESS OF THE CONSTRUCTION GANG IS USUALLY A MARVEL TO THE UNINITIATED

Turning the long-beaked barque of the Swede's ancestors into a sharp-nosed shovel

point about half-way along the tunnel. A drift and a heading differ only as regards position, a drift being at floor grade while a heading is at roof grade. From this drift, the men worked upward until they reached the level at which the heading was being constructed, and then began working to meet the headings being driven from the east and west portals. A "trap" was built in the drift, under which the dump-cars were run and filled from above, as coal is dumped through a coal-chute.

In a place like this, ventilation is all important. The poisonous fumes engendered by the shots, combined with the gases from the rock, had an over-powering effect on the men. Not even a hard-rock "hog" can get along without oxygen. At first, construction was much delayed owing to the inability of the men to work for any length of time in the deadly atmosphere, but this was overcome later by the installation of a powerful fan.

Down the centre drift the visitor squeezes his way cautiously. It is only five to six feet high, and just wide enough to allow the dump cars to pass through. Daylight is lost. The incessant, reverberating clang of hammer on drill is deafening. The tiny lights of the drillers' carbide lamps dot the gloom like stars on a misty night. Below them, the swaying bodies of the bench drillers can be dimly discerned, while on the floor, under the full glare of powerful naphtha lamps the "muckers" are shoveling for dear life, or swinging mighty hammers to break the unwieldy rocks—using "dago power" they call it—and others are busy shoving out the loaded cars.

Slowly, one's eyes accustom themselves to the dimness, and Bedlam resolves itself into a scene of orderly disorder. Against the dull sheen of the damp walls the drillers in the heading sway and swing rhythmically. Here is one putting in an "Englishman's hole." In the straight wall fronting him he drills an arched group of holes in a slanting upward direction. A strap is attached to the handle of his eight-pound hammer near the head, and looped over his wrist, so that the hammer swings freely, although gripped lightly by the hand close to the end of the handle. Used in this manner, it has an immense driving power. The driller holds the drill by means of a key, and after each stroke a deft twist of the left hand brings the drill around to a new position.

He starts off with a few easy taps, gradually increasing the power until he is going full steam ahead. The hammer swings behind him almost to the level of his shoulder, his arm being extended and his body crouched. Then, as the hammer comes forward, the shoulders square up, the knees jerk forward, and by an almost imperceptible shortening of the arm and a supple twist of the wrist the hammer is brought full on the drill-head with tremendous force. The men say that it is the little jerk of the knees that does the trick. Tirelessly and remorselessly he works, the cords in his neck standing out, and the play of his shoulders and back muscles being plainly visible. He is a revelation in skill and endurance.

The bench drillers work in pairs. Often the holes are from eighteen to twenty feet deep, and it is the work of one man to manipulate the long drills. Immense sixteen-pound hammers are used, and the apparent ease with which they are wielded is largely the result of "knack." In all drilling, the machine-like regularity of the swing is noticeable. Once a man gets the rhythm, his action never varies. His body might be a stationary engine, and his arm the piston for all the variance shown.

These tunnel men work in the full knowledge that at any moment death may visit them, but they are so accustomed to danger that the knowledge never worries them. In the east portal two men once had a narrow escape. One had gone out in search of a fresh drill, and in the interval of waiting, the other had got off the bench and walked towards the portal. Suddenly, without any warning whatever, there was a tremendous fall of rock from the roof. A length about thirty feet long by five feet thick had caved in for want of support. It had looked sound enough to the eye, and rung true to the hammer, but it broke away along an intervening mud seam on top. By a margin of a few seconds, those two men cheated death.

But all the dangerous work is not done in the tunnels. The powdermen had a job at Mile 32 that was a caution. As has been said, the Canadian Northern here ran along the hillside some sixty to seventy feet above the Grand Trunk Pacific's line, the two roads forming a pair of gigantic steps in the mountain side of which the Canadian Northern was the upper one.

For awhile the excavation for the top roadbed was done in the usual manner, the rock being carried over the Grand Trunk on a level deck and dumped through chutes, into the Fraser. But this was too slow for Henning, the Swede contractor. Also, it was too costly, through chute-damage. Also again it kept a continuous murmur of sulphurousness afloat above the Grand Trunk right of way from railroad men who objected to carrying their lives in their dinner pails.

So it was decided to blow the whole hillside out at once, by drilling "cayutes"—little tunnels run in at grade — and up-and-down holes, put in every thirty feet or so along the higher slope. Fourteen "cayutes" and a much greater number of vertical holes were required, and in them the seven-dollar-a-day Swedes placed nearly 4,000 cans of black powder and 700 cases of dynamite at a cost of some $20,000.

On the afternoon of May 17th, 1914, all was in readiness. There was an air of suppressed excitement about the men completing the preparations. Engineers, visitors and railroaders galore had forgathered to witness what was properly regarded as the sight of a life time.

Seven o'clock p.m., was to see the first shot put off. A telephone message was received saying an eastbound freight train was held up further west. Its arrival was impatiently awaited, especially by the small army of amateur photographers, who saw the chances of an unusually interesting memento grow more shadowy as dusk drew near, until finally there was no more hope, and the cameras were shut up in despair.

Large fires were lit some distance out on each side of the doomed area. The valley in front was deserted. Quite a gala effect was given by the beacons dotted here and there, lit by sightseers outside the range of the shots. The tang of the pine was in the cold night air, and in the welcome glow of the fires hundreds of excited shovel-equipped dagoes kept up a lively chatter. These were gangs held in readiness to be turned loose on the work of clearing the Grand Trunk track as soon as the shots were put off.

Meanwhile high up on the far hillside, the centre of attraction, moving figures can be distinguished in the flare of the great Milburn Lights. These are the men who are giving the final tests to the batteries and seeing that the wires are in connection. Suddenly a weird long-drawn cry of "Fir-r-re" is heard. Thrice repeated, it sounds uncanny in the stillness of the night. A short interval after the third call and the magic handle is depressed.

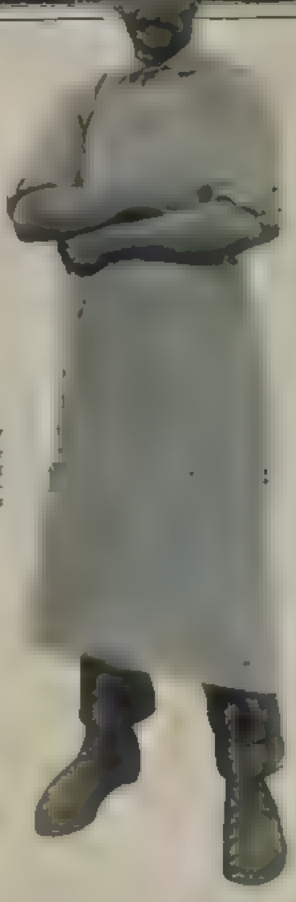
THE GALICIANS, WHO GRAVITATE NATURALLY TO THE COOK-CAR AS THEIR PROFESSIONAL STAND

There is a belching roar and a mighty flame. The thunder of falling rocks and the rending crash of trees continues for some time, gradually ending in a spatter of the smaller rocks far back in the bush. A heavy pall of smoke and rock dust rolls slowly out and descends to the river, along which it goes in billowy and majestic state till it is dispersed in the West. What damage was done ? None dared move. There were three more shots to follow.

After a little delay the second was fired with the same impressive incantations. This was by far the most heavily loaded series of holes. It was darker now, and this time a stunning double report was followed by a magnificent pyrotechnic display. What seemed like balls of living fire were hurled far across the valley and in the faint starlight the shadowy forms of mighty trees could be seen falling to the ground like grass before a reaper The third shot was also a success

The fourth shot was the hoodoo It failed to materialize. Was tried again, but wouldn't go. At one a.m., the chilled and weary observers retired to cuss in dreams, only to be wakened again at five with the news that at six-thirty No. 4 would be due. This time, she came in with a spectacular effectiveness that fully compensated the camera fiends, who snapped and snapped again to get this or that astounding after-effect.

Far over the valley lay a heavy coating of broken rock, while there were thousands of yards still on the hillside that the shots had broken down, but could not throw out. Huge masses of rock that would make a good load for a two-horse team were thrown a distance of half a mile. One fairly large piece landed on the roof of the



The variety of the job is more to their liking than the monotony of a day's shoveling

engineers' cook-shack which was right in the line of fire, directly across the valley and about half a mile away. It smashed in the roof, carried away a corner of the table and buried itself in the ground, a couple of feet below the floor, the boards of which were badly smashed. Another piece performed a more wonderful feat still, and at longer range. Some distance behind the engineers' camp a stout poplar tree was decapitated about four feet above the ground, but like the sentinel of Pompeii it stuck to its post and was found in an upright position beside its

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A Hero By Profession

HOW THE GRAND CHANCE COMES WHIRLING ON THE VAST WINGS OF A BUSH FIRE, AND HOW THE GRASPING OF IT IS MERELY REPETITION AND ENLARGEMENT OF THE OLD PROVERB THAT "YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN"

By Robson Black

Author of "A Dollar and Costs," "Scrambled Journalism," etc.

Illustrated by M. V. Hunter

AT this moment, Major Cecil Villiers is the anonymous hero of his country. Two Hero-fund committees convened in his honor in one day. A resolution passed the legislature full of hexagonal phrases and exuding words like the drip off the Christmas turkey. But all the time, mark you, he was a hero *by proxy*, for no man save himself and a few close-tongued comrades hold possession to the keys of identity.

Major Villiers arrived at Quebec that seventh day of June to arrange for the tour of the illustrious Duke of Marven. Maybe you do not recollect the caustic vein of the interviews with this Imperial man-from-Cook's. The Major dictated the bare crumbs of day and date and place and function. Also he dictated painfully fast, for his brain worked like a coupling-pin between trains, steamboats, civic receptions, corner-stone layings, and the other ruck of jubilation a potentate doesn't want to do, and must.

The Major's hair, complexion, accent, fitted *exactly* those six-line pen-portraits hung up by the society editors—Six feet of stature, features straight and substantial, a pair of bronzed hands, the stilted gait of the cavalryman; good enough for a magazine cover—except the mouth and the forefinger, and they could belong to no other than a successful tiger-slayer, or an agent for a popular edition of Tacitus.

A newspaper interview was, of course, only the wink of an eye-lash in Major Villiers' daily routine. For eleven years he had followed the unique employment of ambassador ahead of great imperial shows, sub-Duke for Dukes, sub-heir for heirs-apparent, in any case the frigidly-correct stickler for whatever was specified by Tradition and Taste. To the slovenly-minded, the job was no bigger than a tailor's mannikin; *actually* the piloting of a princely fellow in democratic style through a democratic state is about as ticklish as framing a universally-agreeable tariff bill. Two hundred Canadian Clubs had wired the Duke of Marven two-hundred invitations to speak, six of them on the same day and three at the same hour. Four universities suggested a nice little L.L.D. Fourteen plutocrats sent in fourteen suspicious offers as hosts. There were three-hundred-and-sixty stops at railway stations and three-hundred-and-sixty separate (but not distinct) speeches to be received from mayors and corporations. Major Villiers billed the town, as it were, visited the mayors, shook their horny hands with delight, suggested a few dark lanterns to their illuminated addresses, and calmly examined the freshly-erected guillotines, or reception platforms, in order to apprehend any chance of repeating the trap-door scenes from 'Faust'.

And so the course of years brought to Major Villiers recognition as official herald of the Bigwigs until toting an Imperial Highness disturbed him no more than toting an umbrella.

But one sad day political parties changed in the Mother Country, and after that, such overseas pro-consuls as required an advance agent shrewdly selected according to the color of the party in power. Major Villiers was not that color and I do not need to explain what happened.

Lacking employment on anything more substantial than a monthly church parade he resigned his commission and sailed to Canada, bag and—luggage, and soon made himself at home as Superintendent of Supplies for the Quebec and Northwestern Railway" at that time poking its forepaws into the wilderness across the pate of Lake Superior. Five years dropped off the calendar, one being entirely sufficient for the natives to forget that "Villiers" was ever written on a birth register.

Now in Keldar dwelt one thousand souls, addicted mainly to storekeeping, implement selling and railroading. At four a.m. one morning Villiers awoke with his face to the wall of his berth and an uncanny impression that the sunrise had returned home the worse for drink. From where he lay, his sight could just clear the summit of the town elevator, the glass window in the cupola was glowing with the sickening, red smudge of a forest fire.

With the quick appraisal of danger that in a soldier's skull shares nothing with hysterics, the king's commissioner was out of bed and flinging on his clothes.

Beyond the town lay an isolated farm; and at the edge of his little clearing stood Caleb Carey and Caleb Jr., seven years old, and cold in the young dawn.

"Nothing but a bush fire; don't cry, little man—brace yourself and fill the buckets!" said his father. And when the little man had braced himself and wetted down his fear with the fifteenth pail from the farm well, he sloped away from the barns, ran hard to the root house and there on the slope took note of the advancing flames.

A semi-circle of night sky, visible only through the sparser branches of clumps of popular, flickered irregularly from ochre to the colors of blood. The

flames sucked in new miles of spruce and tamarack and their shavings of underbrush and, as he watched, little Caleb felt the air about his face blow suddenly hot and dry; it tasted of the deadness of ashes. With the awful gasping sounds that tell of a cauldron not far off, the winds rose high and whisked about in tantrums and lifted the long meadow grass. A possum raced by the boy's feet and hares and porcupines darted from the brush to take shelter beside the humans.

"Nothing but a bush fire," repeated Caleb Carey, when the lad returned with his tale of terrified wonder: but the sweating pallor of his face gave his story the lie.

Through the still unburned woods to the west of the Carey clearing a rider urged his horse, spurred it over the clumps of forest slash, into the opening where it turned to the house at a frightened gallop. Caleb listened to his message without concern—a message of warning from the people of Keddar, an order from the mayor to start for the town without delay Caleb did not like either the mayor or the town; it was the county capital and at best a boss place.

"Tell the mayor to mind his business," said he, "and let the settlers mind theirs!"

His Orkney stubborness flamed at the interference so that he scarcely grasped that Caledon mines was cut off with forty men, most of them suffocated, no doubt, in the shaft! Bruce's farm and Simpson's and Vanegan's—deserted an hour since and everybody on his way to Keddar!

When the flickering stillness of the lane had folded around the horseman, Caleb dropped his bucket and mounted the root-house for further inspection. He saw the narrow segment of fire crawl a full semi-circle about the horizon and stretch forward greedily to cut the remaining line of flight. The winds were rising to a deathly howl and lashed the hundred foot pond that the settler regarded as his one impregnable retreat, with a hail of red-hot embers Huge spruces on Vanegan's Hill, crisped for hours in the ovens of the valley, burst instantly into flame, roaring upward to the clouds like pyres of martyrs

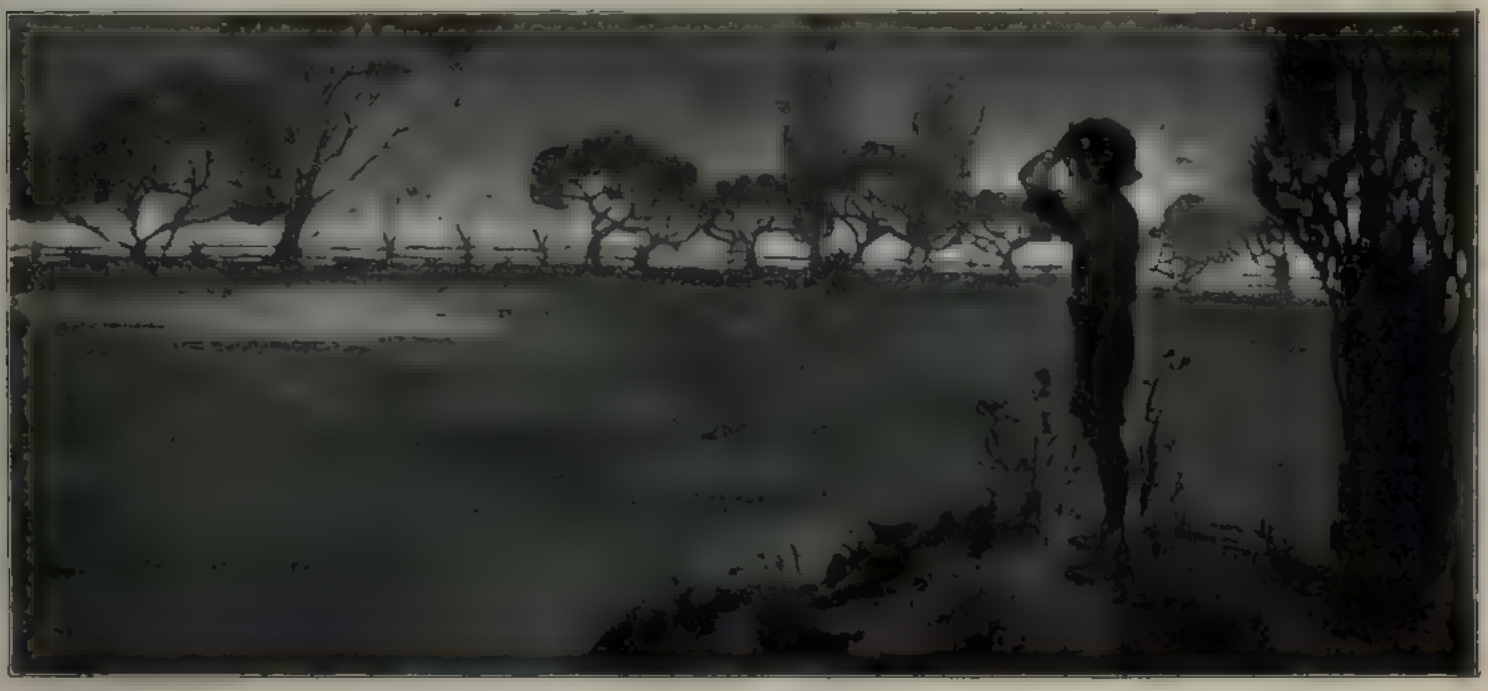
The superheated air, the soughing voices of the raging forest struck a dread close to the dread-proof heart of the pioneer. When Mrs. Carey saw him returning she understood the meaning of the quickened nervous steps. Caleb's face was streaming with sweat, and the tone of his words uncovered much misgiving. In ten minutes he and his household were moving slowly toward the town.

No sign of human life appeared Caleb was probably the last man and his, the last family to desert the treasures to which their strength and spirit had been cast for nothing. Some sudden stroke of sentiment made him rein in the team. Why go to Keddar at all? What guarantee of safety there? Why not establish his reputation for independence by refusing to quit when the quitting was good? Mrs. Carey looked troubled. "Caleb—you're not going back?"

"I am," said Caleb. She thought he sounded unwontedly brutal. A clattering of hoofs on the road behind, and Caleb turned to look. Tongues lolling, and uttering that unaccustomed moan of beasts in great fear, four of his milch cows scampered into the ditch and so made a way past the democrat. By their side ran a calf, a staggering mewling thing without sense of direction. And in the same assembly a black bear ambled onward, fellow citizen in such extremities with all four-footed nature. In a neighboring pasture a steer gored helplessly at the wire fencing leading to the road, and in a jiffy the little Caleb was down and had unfastened the gate; for this unexpected mercy the beast snorted a brief "thank you" and sank its hoofs in the road for Keddar. Caleb's resistance dissolved under the evidence of a brute's instincts. He shook the lines. "Geddap!" and the democrat rolled on.

Meantime, the tall visitor from the standing Pullman had sized up the situation in town

With the handy perception of a soldier trained in South African warfare, Major Vilhers saw that, given



A SEMI-CIRCLE OF NIGHT SKY WAS VISIBLE TO THE BOY ON THE MOUND. AND AS HE WATCHED HE FELT THE AIR ABOUT HIS FACE BLOW SUDDENLY HOT AND DRY; IT TASTED OF THE DEADNESS OF ASHES

another two hours of their own sweet way, the population of Keddar would produce through self-combustion one of the serious panics in the record of the northland. He saw what no other man appeared to see, that undisciplined effort to fight the peril must send hundreds to the most awful of all deaths. He saw the blaze swallowing up fresh acres of timber, pressing its hateful circle closer and closer upon the outskirts. The terror of it only touched him with the disposition to be up and doing—two parts a soldier's automatic response to duty, and one part, (who shall say?) the vanity of self-possession. As he strode across the square to the steps of the hotel, only a few had time to notice him. But those few followed the apparition of a *composed* man with as much awe as they had faced the crimson ghost looming over the tree tops. Villiers knew plainly what he wanted.

"You'll give me a hand—and you—and you"—he said, passing quickly through the knots of men on the verandah. Five hundred hands were immediately available—but only the one head. A helpless eager mob, he told them off into tens, each under a foreman.

"I want you with me," said Villiers, touching a particularly strong-jawed settler on the arm and Caleb Carey mustered at his side, Caleb, junior, including himself in the order.

Ten were despatched to the bridge over the Merrivale River with instructions to keep its dry timber free from the rain of embers. Danger threatened the hotel with its frightened crowd of women and children, and Villiers established a pair of bucket brigades for service on the roof. Already volunteer riders had done their work in the country round, as the Carey family had lived to testify, but hundreds of settlers delaying their departure might perish beyond sight of Keddar. And for their sake empty wagons, bravely manned, rolled out on the grey roads like artillery corps. Villiers himself commandeered the stores of dynamite at the mining company's office and presently the boom of overthrown houses closest to the forest edge gave the children on the hotel steps their first thrill of conflict with a blazing wilderness.

Smoke blew over the open spaces of Keddar with increasing heaviness. Women were dragging their children in a slow, sobbing, noisy procession to the bridge across the Merrivale. Returning grief-stricken from the railway station, a group of refugees told of the impending destruction of the tracks and the burying of a baggage coach in ashes. Down at the bridge, Caleb Carey with twenty-five men and lads, crudely equipped with buckets and tubs, beat back the increasing showers of sparks, hewed off timbers already afire and scattered them in the stream Villiers had left the work to Caleb Carey as his most dependable aide, but saw on his return that no disciplined staff could have held back the powers raging upon Keddar and its only bridge. Faster than the buckets could ply, fresh attacks of the unfatigued enemy gathered in the air and fell upon some unexpected quarter.

Suddenly a long blot of red appeared to compass the entire structure. Men at the south end leaped ashore on the Barrens, those on the north where they could, some in the river, some on floating logs.

Villiers moved from point to point, unruffled as an inspecting officer on a parade ground. He adjured, encouraged, took hold with his own hands, not infrequently forgetting that he was without any authority to demand or remonstrate. He planted the dynamite and lighted the fuses, shouldered buckets of water and climbed shaking roofs to deal an axe blow. Three hundred men did his bidding to such good effect that an open fire-brake of one-hundred feet in width surrounded the town and gave the advancing death its first substantial check.

Smeared with dirt, his clothes torn and his right hand bearing an ugly cut, the king's late diplomatic envoy looked anything but the hero, anything but the interlocutor of Imperial dukes. His gallery, his chorus, his orchestra, where?—a mountain, a riot of frightened animals, the sobbing and shrieking of the wind. But this was organization, thought Cecil Villiers, this was discipline, this was a big thing in efficiency, in order, in promptness, in foresight. Here in the back eddies of the world he was working out a game identical with the old one but to the saving of human life and homes and hopes. A thought of the superb news value to any metropolitan newspaper, the delicious piquancy of Villiers and his exploit this day in Keddar, struck him as irresistible; in his own mind he determined that New York and London, Ottawa and Washington should be reading every line of it before another twenty-four hours. The entire melodrama-loving world should know at last how hard it is to keep a good man down.

Over the sheets of smoke the sun poured a useless light. Most of the men had returned from the outskirts bringing loads of property, a few despairing settlers, and story after story of the death harvest in the districts beyond. The bridge was now gone in fragments, scraping along the shores of the Merrivale, and Villiers was not blind to the possibilities of such a loss once the fire leaped the brake and descended through the town. Only by reaching the Barrens could the position be saved

Within an hour he had stretched a ninety-foot pontoon bridge from side to side of the Merrivale. Skiffs, logs, sections of the neighboring boat houses, a discarded stone-scow and fallen trees lay straining in the grip of rope and wire, bearing up a narrow platform capacious enough for emergency service. To Villiers it was only the working out of an old military trick. However he felt pleased at the chance for such an extraordinary demonstration; it would hold good as a yarn at the regimental mess.

Caleb, junior, raced down from the village with news of unwelcome color. The flames were over the brake and tunnelling a rapid passage through the outbuildings to the hotel. Villiers may have heard the lad's exclamations but his eyes kept to the opposite direction. A cloud had poked a mad attack face through the wedge formed by two mountain tops quickly toiling into the sky a huge tawny o mass. A smile gleamed through the smears of burned wood and he shrugged his shoulders at Caleb's insistence.

The wind is changing,' he said quietly, 'a thunder storm will be here in twenty minutes.' It needed no prophet to make the word possible. Every look turned hopefully to the west. The valley were giving up their stores of moisture hurrying them forward in a spasmodic flank movement.

"Night or Blucher" repeated Villiers; and at the instant heavy splashing rain drops pattered on the hard grasses and vaporized again into lifeless air. He knew that the fight was won.

It was a good many hours after the Keddar folks returned to their homes that anyone—it happened to be Caleb Carey—should think sentimentally of the part played that day by the six foot level-headed stranger whose name no one had even bothered to inquire. And so with the blessing of the swearing mayor he planned a deputation thirteen strong, himself the spokesman. When Caleb's voice shouted an opening salutation through the broken window of his car, Villiers looked up with brusque impatience, but for the first time in his life, the sight of bobbing heads broke his nerve.

"We are merely a deputation from the people of Keddar," said Caleb, trying to make matters easier. The station agent's wife as if in demoniacal collusion came running to the car door all aflutter with perishable news. The Associated Press she tried to explain, wanted *the story*, wanted it quick from anyone able to speak plain English, the message had just arrived roundabout from Beagresville.

Who had been babbling to the Associated or any other press? Villiers' frown was rather transparent. But the station-agent's wife opined it must have been her husband's gossip with the operator at Beagresville who had some newspaper relative in Buffalo. And being as it was *confidential* to the Associated Press, little fear, said she, that anything would "leak out."

For a brief muscular minute Major Cecil Villiers of the Royal Cavalry fought his personal devil, and fought him hard. Then he suggested sharply: "Mr. Carey will tell them what happened."

"Glad, ten times glad," said Caleb, "but I've got to nail the story to a *name*."

The hero's expression flickered a moment like a lamp that lingers between triumph and effacement. He wrote the name on a company's card and passed it through the window.

When Caleb picked up the long-distance receiver in the agent's office he heard a thin-pitched voice demand "the guy that put the glory-song to shame." So he cleared his throat, inspected the card and spelled its contents slowly:

"J-O-H-N S-M-I-T-H"

LETTERS *from an* ENGLISHMAN *to his* SON *in* CANADA

There isn't a hint of wavering in the old land—the army grows; the navy calls and coals and puts out into the mists again, serene under the storm-driven Jack; the newspapers join hands with the censors; and the people, the staunch, steadfast, unexcited people are content to wait. Waiting is the hardest thing in the world. But it's an Anglo-British science.

January 1st, 1915.

. . . . . To wish you a good New Year with better outlook at the end than we can claim now. However, things are going on decidedly well. In every branch and on every point we are much more than holding our own. The Russian block is wearing down the enemy and losing him the best troops he has left. Here our new army is shaping in grand style. Recruiting is at the top notch. We can't spare more than those coming along or we shall hamper war supplies, fleet, arms and clothing. The middle class is nearly all in training and fine stuff they are.

Ted went to stay with Archie at Newcastle, and from him learnt most interesting news of the fleet and the new ships fast coming along. Also that no more men can be spared if we are to keep pace with the output of war material. One coal pit employing eight hundred men closed down and the next day five hundred and eighty of them were enlisted and passed the doctors—two hundred were over age. The staff is very confident and has no faith in the enemy's leadership, whereas the French army is producing some first class divisional commanders and general officers. We shall see some forward movement soon after you get this.

General trade is big and busy and that apart from war production. Of course some trades are badly hit, like electro-plating, fine furniture and expensive restaurants. These don't count in a nation's health. It is time we became more thrifty. On the other hand works of art of good quality—old pictures, coins and the like are as hard to buy as ever, and no dealer will take five per cent. less than pre-war prices. Stamps, for instance are dearer than ever and dealers buy most confidently

We only sent two big ships to Falkland Islands: and they were off at six hours' notice. We are all perfectly cheerful and by the end of the year we shall be winding up. Austria is badly beaten and Italy is certain to come in unless a very liberal accommodation is offered her. No doubt the Germans mean to be "frightful"; but they dread, with the very best of reason, the temper of the Belgians and the French when they burst over the frontier.

The feeling of the Belgian women is really alarming. It will be impossible for any army chiefs to prevent raids once the forces of the allies are across the border, and if the German population has not cleared itself out of the Rhine provinces, there will be terrible reprisals

London may be damaged by bombs and Brussels blown up by mines but the end is certain: and the approximate depopulation of Germany, for Frenchmen are not disposed to take prisoners when the advance begins in earnest

Amongst our own friends we have lost no one, though one or two have been wounded and gone back.

We have Belgians down in the village: and we see much of the wounded near us and at Aldershot. We are warned of possible air raids on the latter and we are going to dig out a big shelter trench behind the garden, as we are on a line of attack in the event of an air battle.

Stocks keep up; to-day War Loan is at premium. Wheat is high and this ought to help your side. English securities and especially industrials are stiffly held

Mother is showing signs of some improvement, which greatly cheers us for the New Year.

February 6th, 1915.

. . . . . We have been very glad to hear of your activities in connection with the expeditionary force

The Canadians ought to be useful, though there was some weeding necessary at Salisbury Plains. The mill has been grinding them down and we hear very well of their present state Of course the rain has been abnormal Here 11.5 inches instead of a normal 3

inches for December alone. The worst is now over and everything points to early activity.

Germany seems bent on smoothing out our way in the States. The furious hatred which German writers and officers spit out at us is good evidence of their frantic despair. The blockade does not worry us at all. Marine insurance stocks are higher in price than they were a month ago, and we only laugh at the threat.

Men from the front are more confident than ever; and when the time comes for us to be ready to move we shall not be long. To-day the big guns for Metz are crossing our lines in Surrey to Southampton. Two locomotives draw one gun, loaded on five special trucks. These are eighteen inch pieces. The new armies are growing steadily into shape and the fleet is becoming stronger in just the points where we need it to face submarines and cruisers.

Stocks are good, though of course there is no accumulation of money for investment, owing to taxation and charitable supplies; also prices of food are stiff. Your people must be doing well out of wheat if any is left free of contracts. The price will be high next autumn also, owing to the contemplated invasion of East Prussia and Hungary, and the absence of a large part of Belgian and French crops. So your western people ought to do finely with anything round an average crop, if only the weather remains open long enough to get it in.

March 14th, 1915

. . . . No doubt your lot will be "off to France" directly, and I trust that you view the prospect with the equanimity that it deserves. For a month past we have been shipping 100,000 men per week and enormous quantities of artillery are now going. . . . . Hospitals are preparing for 120,000 wounded during April and May. The new armies are wonderfully fit; I wish you could see the men —we are surrounded by them here— nearly 200,000 in a radius of five miles of us. If it is a question of fighting in the field as between our soldiers, man for man, and the Germans, we shall have them on the run. But just when we can get their armies into the open will depend somewhat upon the presence of the Russians; and, as of course you know, Russia is terribly short of transports and of munitions. If we open the straits that may be remedied.

As to the United States, we are quite easy. We realize that any real attempt to come in on the side of Germany would mean a risk to the Union, and we know that in the long run the United States will see that it will be necessary for them to declare that freedom of trade (however important a principle to them) is at the bottom less important to the Anglo-Saxon race than freedom to live their civic life. Anything that establishes German military ideals on the European world will react with inevitable effect on America. Now that our fleet is growing fast and the raiders are being held up we shall have more freedom to deal promptly and decisively with neutral vessels and a formal blockade may be established.

The Clyde trouble is annoying us but it arises chiefly from absurd confidence in Scotland that everything will be over in July. Many of the men in the yards are nearly worn out on overtime; and the money they make is such that they want a few days to spend it in. It does not excuse the men but it explains a lot.

Scott, of the Manchester Guardian, has been foremost in denouncing the strikers and of course the Union Headquarters have no part or lot in the unrest. As to profits of the masters it is worth noticing that there is no armament firm quoted on the Stock Exchange whose shares are not lower than they were before the war began. Ship owners are, on the other hand, doing well where their tonnage is free for running contracts at present rates.

Affectionately,

PADRE

Love We Our Enemy?

By Ernest H. A. Home.

SMASHED-in the cottage door,
Smashed-in the walls.
Home never, never more—
Death's shadow falls.

Where grew the marigolds—
There, by the gate—
There lies a purpling corpse:
Yonder its mate.

Gaping the stricken lips,
Staring the eyes—
God! by the linden tree
Old Anna lies.

Seek we our dead, and weep—
O curse of Might!
If this be work of day
What of the night?

Blood-spattered everything,
Filth everywhere.
God—if there be a god!—
Availeth prayer?
God—if a god there be—
Love we our enemy?

The Price

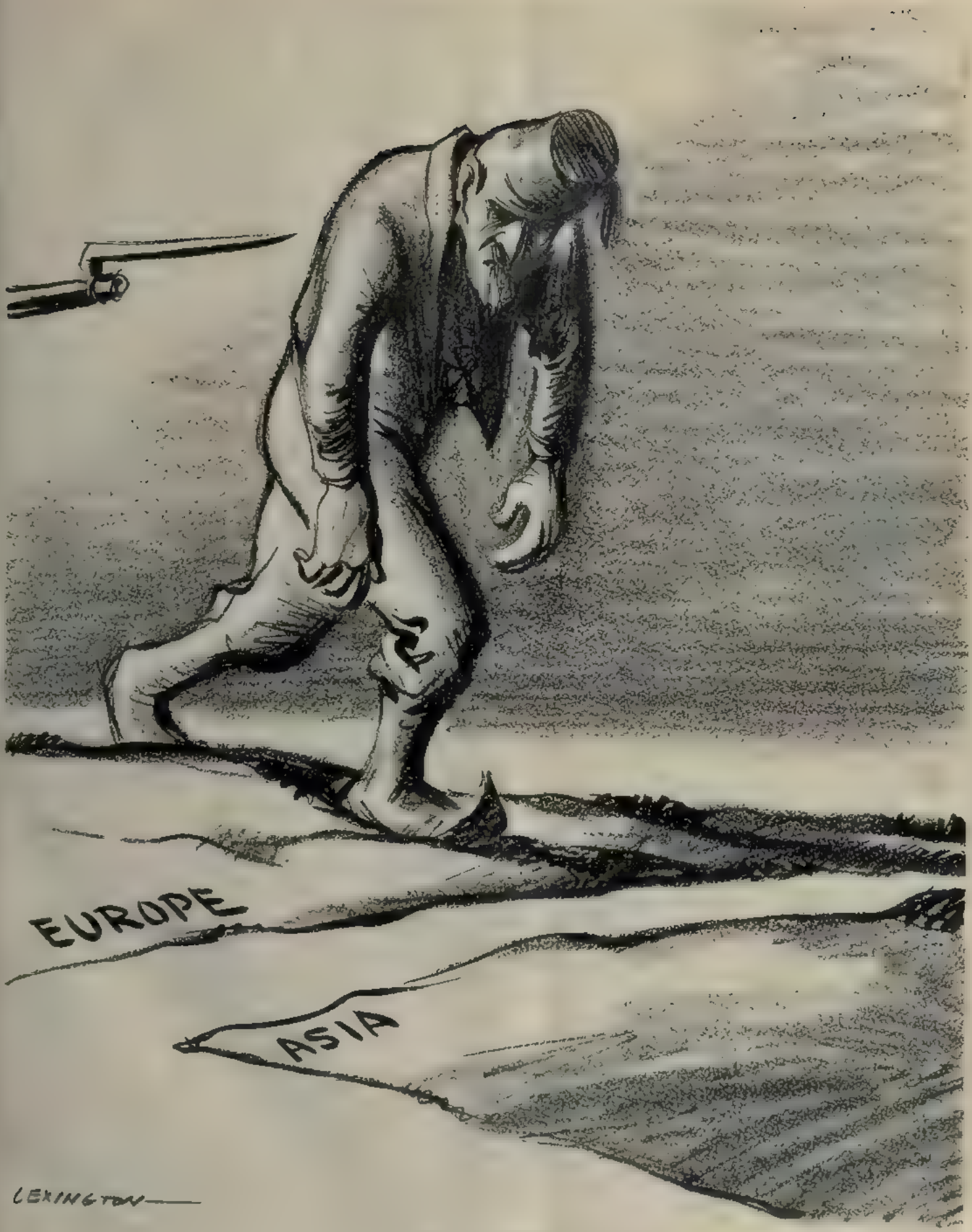
By Ernest H. A. Home.

"SACRED to Jean Dubois,"—
Carved on a bit of stone,
Out on the treeless plain,
Out in the wind and rain,
"Sacred to Jean Dubois,"
Sacred to Jean alone——

And over the distant hills
Beyond the snarl of the guns,
Weary and sad, she tills,
The land that was once her son's.

"Sacred to Jean Dubois,"—
There at the foot his lance,
Shattered when came the shock,
Shattered as on a rock,
"Sacred to Jean Dubois,"
Dead for the love of France.

And over the distant hills,
From the stench and the sound of the guns,
Feeble and bent, she tills
The land that was once her son's.



A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

Apples of Eden

WHEREIN AN UNAPPLAUDED ACT IN THE ORDINARY ROUTINE OF DAILY LIFE IS SOMETIMES HARDER TO PERFORM THAN THE ONE WHICH WINS THE VICTORIA CROSS

By Gwendolyn MacLeod

Illustrated by F. A. Noteware

LOCKE HEARD THE MAN SAY, "RATHER A GOOD SCOOP FOR SOME CUB REPORTER AND ——" THE REST WAS DROWNED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC FROG

THE train stopped with the usual whiz and vindictive shriek, as if the monster regretted the necessity of disgorging any portion of its prey unharmed.

Charlie Locke got out and glanced around in the hope of a greeting; if only from a stray dog. He had been away a year, and felt cheated when he found that even the station agent was a new man—not an over civil one either. Not a very cheerful home-coming, thought Locke, as he started out to walk the two miles between his place and the station. Well, he had wanted peace—Lord, how he had wanted it the last four months, and now he'd probably get it.

He sauntered on, smoking and thinking idly of the quiet beauty of the scene, so quiet in fact that it seemed as if all the heart-rending sights he had witnessed since the outbreak of the war must have been nothing more than a bad dream.

Along about the last of July, Locke had found himself lying in a German household somewhere near Berlin, with a military looking doctor standing over him sentencing him to bed for an indefinite period, and all because Locke happened to possess an unmanageable appendix—all this in the face of his being a self-respecting British subject too. It was about the time the Kaiser was expecting Paris on a platter, so very naturally the only thing that made his presence bearable at all, was an over-flowing purse.

Like the well mannered Briton he was, his first act on regaining British soil, was to enlist. But not possessing an appendix equally as well mannered, he found himself gazetted home on sick leave.

The gray of twilight was gathering around as he came out on the high road and found himself near the entrance to his own grounds. He could see the roof among the encircling trees; and once more, pretty and homey as everything seemed to a world-weary traveller, he could not help this friendless lonely feeling, and almost wished he had followed his first impulse and stopped off in Montreal, where he'd be more apt to get in touch with a crowd of the "fellows." And there he would have had his sister's comfortable place to go to when the club palled on him. He had been a bit of a fool to come off here all by himself, with no one more companionable than wheezy Mrs. Andrus and her rheumatic husband. Oh well, he'd take the train back the first of the week.

On coming up to the house he noted that the doors and windows of the library were open, and felt a rush of thankfulness to Mrs. Andrus for this unconscious welcome. He came on into the room meaning to surprise the old lady by ringing the bell. The place was rather dark. He stumbled over a foot-stool and banged against an easy chair, naturally making a fracas.

Charlie said something rather strong and went over to the window to finish his smoke before summoning Mrs. Andrus. He stood moodily looking out and thinking it would be a sort of consolation if he were a man with a history, a mystery and a secret crime; then at least there'd be a ghost to greet him on the threshold.

A step sounded from the inner room. He caught the flutter of a white dress in the doorway and rose rather suddenly. A girlish voice called:

"Good gracious, Minnie, how you startled me!"

Locke stood still and stared stupidly before him, dumbfounded. Certainly it could not be a ghost that spoke, for it was against the rules of the tribe of ghosts from all time. Also if it were a ghost, there was more than one. It certainly would be novel to find his dwelling taken possession of by a spook family.

"Minnie!" repeated the voice, "be a dear and stop teasing me. I have been in the garden and the house seems like a tomb."

The speaker was approaching. In another instant she would realize her mistake. Charlie felt horribly guilty, though he was in his own house. She came on and in the midst of an animated description of the sunset saw that it was not Minnie but—a man, a real flesh and blood man, calmly standing in her library. There was a little fluttery gasp, and then an assumption at dignity and a bold front to cover up the frightened little thumps of her heart that she was sure he must hear.

"What do you want? If it's money you sh-an't h-have it. If it's——"

"I beg your pardon, I I " Charlie began. Then the idea of apologizing for having entered his own house struck him as such an insane thing, he laughed Rather a pleasing laugh too, and one

that would dispel almost any girl's fear.

She was very near him now, a tall slender attractive person with a perfect mop of bronze hair and a pathetic little appealing something in her face that was curiously contradictory to the firmness and determination around her mouth. She was apparently making as careful an analysis as Charlie and concluded that, as he did not measure up to her idea of a house breaker, he was an escaped lunatic. His next remark confirmed this suspicion:

"I'm mighty sorry I startled you, and—and—well, hang it all, it rather took my breath to find I'd such a charming guest!"

Just then Mrs. Andrus and another pretty bit of femininity entered. Mrs. Andrus uttered a, "Lord bless my soul!" and dropped in a chair, at which the first girl turned her back and whispered to the two women: "Mad, stark staring mad!!"

Both the girls had retreated to the door, and seemed about ready to run at even a word from him. About then Mrs. Andrus came to enough to say: "If it ain't Mr. Locke, Mrs. Gordon—why I never did! When did you come? Laws o' goodness, and he's been to the war. My! my! my! I surely thought you'd gone an' been killed, and 'twas your ghost we were seein', and sure all the time it was my own boy"

Between these sputterings of Mrs. Andrus, the eldest of the two girls, the one who had entered with the housekeeper, came forward.

"You must excuse our apparent inhospitality, Mr. Locke," she said. "We had no idea of seeing you, as you may imagine. I suppose you ran up to see how your home looked. What an adorable old place it is."

"I believe I was as much taken by surprise as you," he said. "I supposed I should find the old den shut up——"

At this point a man drove up with Locke's luggage. The girls looked at each other and the youngest said:

"Mr. Locke perhaps does not know that his agent, Mr. Siddall, has rented the house for six months, mother mine."

"Indeed I did not," Charlie said growing very warm. "How stupid of me to come in like this!"

Mrs. Gordon began to laugh and could not stop although Winnifred looked reproachfully at her. Charlie caught the infection and laughed too, and old Jane joined them, cackling shrilly, and exclaiming at intervals: "Why, I never did! Straight round the world. Land's sake!"

When the atmosphere cleared up a bit, and Locke got a number of things straightened out, among them, "What in thunder the one Mrs. Andrus called Miss Winnifred meant by calling the other girl 'mother mine.'"

After Locke had remembered that there had been some controversy between Mr. Siddall and himself before he left for the continent, as to the advisability of his renting the old place in the country; how Mr. Siddall's clear-headed business reasoning had finally won out against Charlie's sentimental argument that he didn't want "piffling" strangers around his own private haven; and how he later had given in, then repented and had written Siddall countermanding the order; Mrs. Gordon insisted that the explanation was proof that they were trespassers and the only way that things could be made to balance would be for him to have Mrs. Andrus prepare his rooms, put his things away and stay, "exactly as if the Gordon family were not on the map." There really wasn't any alternative, at least for the night.

Surprise wasn't the word to express what he felt when Winnifred told him, that the little wisp of wildness, properly called Mrs. Gordon, was her stepmother. It was incongruous that the vivacious little bundle of irresponsibility should be the mother of this tall girl with the calm direct gaze. She was such a self-possessed person that Locke found himself wondering what it would be like to see a light in those deep eyes. He felt like a little boy who looks into a calm bottomless well, and wants to throw a stone to see if there really could be ripples on that surface of glass.

Winnifred went on to tell him about her and her father being at a summer resort a couple of years previous to this, where Minnie also was. How the two girls, had become friends immediately, probably through the very fact of their being so different. And how Winnifred's father had fallen in love with Minnie. Locke found himself wondering how anyone could help it.

Mrs. Andrus told him later, about the accident that couldn't be spoken of before Mrs. Gordon. She and her husband had been motoring to town one night to the theatre. They were late, and Mr. Gordon told the chauffeur to smash the speed laws to smithereens—he did, along with the car and two lives. A train was coming, but the chauffeur thought he could make it— The two men had been killed outright, but Minnie had been carried on the fender of the engine for a mile.

Charlie wakened the next morning with a sense of something unusual having happened. It was a sparkly, snappy, sunshiny morning, which prob-

CHARLIE CAME CLOSER "WINNIE GIRL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME. THIS LAST WEEK HAS BEEN TORTURE"

ably helped along his decision to spend a couple of weeks in the neighborhood. He'd take rooms up at "Aunt Jinny's" the dear poker-like old maid who used to teach him his letters, and who now was the crossest dearest, roaringest little old lady that ever walked.

Locke woke up one morning to the realization that the three of them had motored and teaed and danced away two weeks. They had been glorious bubbly days, but the question was, where were they landing him. He had played around with both the girls, and as he realized in his more sober moments, had played hard. Where was it going to end? Some nights when he went home, he was sure it was Winnifred's demure ways that attracted him. Then he'd go over the next morning, maybe for breakfast, and Minnie would come tumbling in with a bunch of flowers in one hand and a kitten in the other; both so full of fun and nonsense that he knew it was the very sunshine of her that held him. Foolish? Of course, it was more than that, and the different kinds of idiots he called himself would fill a volume.

Charlie decided to spend the day in the woods with his gun and his dogs and think things out. As he was returning, about dusk, he couldn't resist the temptation to stop as usual at the Gordons. When he was within a stone's throw of the place he stopped, roused by the sound of voices. In the stillness of the spring night the words were distinctly audible:

"Threatening never does one any good, and besides you have no right to be seen around here. If you persist —"

"I should say it was for me to make terms, not you. How about my going up to the house and presenting myself to Mrs. Gordon. Think she'd enjoy it?"

Locke stood thunder-struck. The first voice had been Winnifred Gordon's, maybe a little tremblier than usual, but unmistakably hers. The second, the strident voice of a man who holds a trump card. He could see his face now; he was undoubtedly a handsome chap in spite of the signs of dissipation. He felt a natural impulse to start forward, but remembered that he had no right to interfere. He had unwittingly intruded upon some secret of Winnifred's. As he turned he heard the man say

"It would be rather a good scoop for some cub reporter, and would be food for the scandal mongers. Very interesting for one of the morning papers to come out with black headlines announcing the—"

The rest was drowned by some enthusiastic frog. The black hopeless feeling with which he turned away was not all selfishness either, for there came back to him the troubled look that sometimes stole into Winnifred's eyes, especially when the little play-mother Minnie, was the gayest. Charlie realized that his deeper more serious love was for Winnifred. She was the only girl in the world he wanted, but manlike he didn't want her tarnished. "Good Heaven! there must be some mistake." But no, he had heard it.

He went on home, but a resistless something urged him to go over anyway, and make his accustomed evening call.

Minnie's greeting, "Charlie you're a special dispensation from Heaven," was quite characteristic. Her extravagant adjectives were a part of her charm.

A few minutes later Winnifred joined them on the porch.

"How's your head honey-girl?" Mrs. Gordon asked. "She's been shut up in her room this live-long day Charlie. She wouldn't even let me in, and I 'most died of the horrors." Minnie's description of the things she resorted to in her loneliness amused the two in spite of themselves.

Winnifred looked pale, but this wasn't out of the ordinary, as she always looked that in contrast to Mrs. Gordon's vivid coloring.

"You ought to have gone out for a little air," Locke said to her.

"Bed was the best place for me," she answered coolly.

Charlie felt a wave of increased bitterness, when she added: "I did go out for a few moments after sunset."

"You heartless little wretch!" cried Minnie, "you might have asked me to go with you."

Locke saw Winnifred smile. It was such a pathetic, weary little droop, that his heart ached.

Alone in his room that night Charlie tried vainly to straighten things out. He wondered how a girl like Winnifred had become entangled with a man of that calibre. It was probably a girlish infatuation, and she had done something imprudent that had to be kept secret. He battled all night with his "consummate folly" as he called it. but argue and reason as he would the horrible pain remained.

The next two or three days passed so quietly that Locke could almost have persuaded himself that the scene he had witnessed in the wood was some delusion of his own brain. It was so out of keeping with his opinion of Winnifred; so at variance with her apparent character. There must be some explanation. He knew however, that the argument only came from his own infatuation

Quite by accident he learned something of the stranger. He stopped in at a wayside inn where transient motorists stopped for refreshments. Locke was talking to the old chap who owned the place, when the man whom he had seen with Winnifred stepped out of one of the private rooms.

"Patterson's his name," said the proprietor in answer to Charlie's question. "There's a fast set on 'em here. There're staying up to Hill's place. You remember young Hill what was left all the money, and now he's burnin' himself up, an' it too, with the crowd he's runnin' with. I'm hearin' this Patterson chap's wife has left him, and faith who'd blame her."

Charlie didn't know how he got out of the place. It was worse than he'd thought possible. Good Lord! his Winnifred

That evening Locke went over to tell the Gordons of his decision to go to Montreal the next day. Winnifred was alone in the garden.

Was it imagination that his: "Winnifred, I'm going away to-morrow," caused a little start.

"Why, Charlie I thought you were going to stay all summer."

Was he going to be strong enough not to tell her how he cared. Locke was too much a man of the world not to know that anything serious between them was impossible How could there be when he knew there had been another man—a married man, and yet what a fool he was to doubt his clear eyed girl What did it matter if there was an affair he'd defy tradition and

There was a sound of horses hoofs Before Locke who had his back to the driveway could turn the strident voice said just behind him.

"I'm awfully sorry to interrupt, but I had to come along, you know you haven't kept your promise, so I'm here."

Winnifred's eyes, black with anger and something else, were fixed on him There was something in her glance that checked further words.

"Please go away, Mr. Locke," Winnifred said, seeing that Charlie was about to interfere.

"After I have relieved you of this "

"Go, for Heaven's sake. You can't do me any good. Walk on and meet Minnie; keep her from coming home at present."

"Shame to trouble you Mr. Locke, I might go and meet her myself," was Patterson's insolent reply.

Winnifred's two hands clenched over Charlie's arm. "Have a little mercy on me," she whispered. "If you ever fancied you cared even a wee bit for me, I conjure you by our friendship to go and keep Minnie from coming!"

Charlie went blindly down the avenue without a word; feeling as if a

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In the Forefront

N. W. ROWELL, THE MAN WHO NEVER RESTS: MARKS BROTHERS, FARM-BOYS WHO PLOUGH THE MEADOWS OF MELODRAMA: F. S. MEIGHEN, PATRON OF THE ARTS AND COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS

Unresting Rowell

Leader of the Ontario Opposition, lawyer, church worker, temperance advocate

By Hector Moore

IT is not every Leader of the Opposition in a provincial Legislature in Canada whose name is national in its significance. There must be some very substantial reasons, therefore for the prominence of Mr N. W. Rowell, Leader of the Opposition in Ontario Most people, if asked for an explanation, would immediately refer to his "Abolish the Bar" policy, which made the general elections in Ontario last summer so exciting, and which was the forerunner of energetic campaigns against the liquor traffic, that owing to the war, are now worldwide in their extent

It is true that the "Abolish the Bar" campaign, conducted by Mr Rowell and his colleagues with such vigor and pertinacity, and followed up now by his demand for drastic treatment of the liquor traffic at least during the war, did bring him right to the front in the public eye, and caused him to be the most talked of man in Canada last spring but Mr. Rowell's interests and activities are by no means confined to the problem of the liquor traffic

Newton Wesley Rowell is one of the hardest working men in this country Although he is genuinely interested in the welfare of the working men, and fights to secure for them fair wages and shorter hours, yet, for himself, he recognizes neither an eight, a ten, nor even a twelve hour day. It is substantially true to say of him that he works all the time except when he eats or sleeps. His capacity for labor arouses the amazement of all those who come in contact with him. Not only is he head of the Liberal Party in Ontario, with the leadership in the Legislature, but he is also the active head of one of the big law firms in Toronto, and keeps up the practise of his profession In church matters also, he is one of the outstanding laymen in the Methodist Church, and is interested not only in religious affairs in Canada, but through various Missionary Boards, and especially the Edinburgh Continuation Committee of which he is treasurer, he is in close contact with church problems on an international scale

With all this load of responsibility, it could not be expected that Mr Rowell would have very much time for amusement. It is always the sincere hope of his friends that he finds sufficient fun and recreation in work itself, for assuredly, he gets no opportunity to find it anywhere else

But although, inevitably, he is not exuberantly light hearted, and although no one could accuse him of being frivolous, yet Mr. Rowell is not all seriousness He has his lighter moments when he can turn a neat, subtle jest, and tell a humorous, cultivated story. This characteristic comes out often in the House, where the Leader of the Opposition is particularly happy in repartee. His most carefree times, however, are when he is at dinner either in his own home or at one of those public or semi-private functions which apparently are fundamental accompaniments of political life Mr. Rowell, on such occasions, is very fond of telling stories and incidents of famous public men, especially English Liberals, and among these his favorites seem to be Bright, Gladstone Asquith, Lloyd George and Herbert Samuel

N. W." therefore, is by no means a one-sided man, whose interest in life is bound up exclu-

NEWTON WESLEY ROWELL, M.A.
The man who has vitalized Provincial politics in Canada

sively in a single issue. When new problems and new crises arise, Mr. Rowell is at once keenly on the alert, and ready to participate in them. For example, he has taken the war most deeply to heart. He has been the apostle of Canada's through-and-through responsibility in this gigantic conflict. His central theme seems to be that Canada, in proportion to its population and resources, should do every whit as much as the Mother Country in the struggle against German militarism. This duty he has preached with the utmost force and vigor in the Legislature of Ontario, and on the public platform not only in his own province, but also in Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. He has also interpreted from his point of view the issues of the struggle and Canada's part in the conflict in an address to the Canadian Club of New York.

His visit to the Maritime Provinces in January was in response to invitations from Canadian Clubs in that section of the country, and it is understood that similar clubs in the Western Provinces are anxious that he should visit them also. Mr. Rowell's services in helping to arouse a deeper feeling of Canada's first-hand interest and responsibility in the war have been recognized by the Press, Liberal, Conservative and Independent, who, in eulogizing his course have urged all public men to follow his example.

In the session of the Ontario Legislature which has just closed, the financial condition of the province attracted much more attention on the part of the public than it usually does. Finance is always an important department of government, but when times are good and money tolerably available, it is difficult to get the average voter deeply and personally interested in balance sheets. This year, however, when every cent of expenditure, personal and public, has to be scrutinized carefully, finance came into its own, and another side of Mr. Rowell's versatility became evident—not so much to the Legislature, which had recognized his abilities in this line before, but to the general public. The Leader of the Opposition's business and legal training has peculiarly fitted him to pick out the essentials in the most complicated and lengthy financial statements, and without going into the question of politics at all, and without passing judgment on who was right and who was wrong in the stormy scenes that marked the financial sessions, it can be fairly stated that the people of Ontario are fortunate in having such a keen and relentless financial critic to subject the financial management of the province to the minutest scrutiny. Such probing is good for private household accounts, for companies' business, or for public finance

Mr. Rowell's real contribution to Ontario politics, however, a contribution which is affecting and will continue to affect provincial politics throughout Canada and raise them to a higher level of interest and usefulness, is his emphasis on the fact that, under our system of government, it is the provinces, rather than the Federal government, which have to deal with matters of social reform such, for example, as within the last few years have occupied so much prommence in the British Parliament. Mr. Rowell may be said to have vitalized provincial politics in Canada

Under his touch, backed up by the efforts of able men with him, traditional subjects have taken on new life. Take agriculture, for example. What Mr. Rowell has done ever since he entered the House is to deal with the human element of this problem. It is of the rural home, the rural school, the rural church, that he has spoken, as well as of mere acreage and production. Still he has not neglected this latter aspect. Back in 1913, he conducted a methodical campaign for "More Food." He thus anticipated by a year and a half the nation wide "Patriotism and Production" campaign, inaugurated after the opening of the war. It is, however, we repeat, the human, rather than the material aspects of life on the farm which Mr. Rowell emphasizes. Although working on independent lines, he makes one think of Gifford Pinchot's investigations into the rural school and the rural church in the United States.

Another of Mr. Rowell's hobbies (he seems to give equally deep and thorough study to them all) is city life, especially that of the laboring man. When he wants to find out the facts and the results of unemployment, he does not merely read books or consult experts—although he does this too. He goes right into some of the homes where the husband is out of work and the family thereby in distress. He sees conditions for himself, and when he comes to speak of the problem in the House, there is a definiteness, an energy and an earnestness which could not come from any amount of long-range study.

These excursions of Mr. Rowell into the homes of the people are never resented, for they are not dictated by any idle curiosity or academic inquisitiveness. On such occasions, accompanied as he is by respected social workers, he is welcomed as one who comes not as an investigator, not as a public man, but as a friend.

In such other issues as tax reform and woman suffrage, Mr. Rowell again does not deal with them as academic debating points, but as problems affecting the daily life of the people.

As for his most spectacular fight, the one against the liquor traffic, to be really appreciated it must be considered not in isolation but as one of the divisions of his social reform programme. He has always laid great stress on the opinions of famous social reformers, statesmen, and labor leaders. All through his campaign last summer, he referred to the statement of the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, one of the social reformers in the Asquith cabinet, to the effect that,

"If social reformers were to leave intemperance unfought, it would be like an invading army that left unchallenged behind it the strongest positions of the enemy. Their work would be incomplete, and what little they had accomplished would soon be undone."

Since the war, of course, Mr. Rowell has been able to quote in support of his contentions not merely strong opinions such as Lloyd George's declaration that of the three enemies Great Britain was fighting, Germany, Austria and drink, drink was the worst, but he has been able to point to actual drastic moves made against the liquor traffic in Russia, France and Great Britain, and the forward steps proposed in Saskatchewan and Alberta

The most important feature of the Ontario Legislature which closed on April the first was the sharp cleavage of policy between the Government and Opposition on the liquor question. The Government's bill provided for the appointment of one Provincial License Board with wide powers to deal with the traffic; Mr. Rowell's proposal, rejected by the Government, was "at least" to close all drinking places during the war, and to submit to a majority vote of the people the question whether these places ever would be reopened or not This policy is part of the legislation to be adopted by Saskatchewan. It was proposed publicly by Mr. Rowell several months before the Saskatchewan government announced its policy.

Whether the Government or the Opposition in Ontario is right on this question it is not for us to say The significant point is that once again Mr. Rowell has launched a drastic policy against the liquor traffic which has made the issue the really live one in the province.

In the meantime, whether right or wrong, Mr. Rowell continues to work. Work, work, work, is the keynote of his life. If activity, ability, sincerity and persistence are virtues to be commended, the Leader of the Opposition in Ontario is an example to be set before the youth of the land.

"Ten, Twenty, Thirty"

The Seven Marks Brothers, with their four shows, and their thirty-eight years' experience, have played melodrama to upwards of a quarter of a million people

By Robson Black

DOWN on the shores of Christie Lake eleven miles from Perth, Ontario, lives Robert Marks, a six foot showman. Before his door-step spreads one of the rarest estates in all Ontario, an estate of flowing waters, of scattered islands and granite headlands, of long ghost-walks of silver birch where the rabbit plays his "comedy lead" and the hawk signs up for forty weeks of "heavies."

This is the place—this Christie Lake—where the Marks family of players and managers have grown from childhood, where their dramatic companies are assembled at midsummer, where the second edition of the Marks name, adding new patterns to the family heirloom, will probably pass along the enterprise to interminable generations. Around the lake shores the actors have their cottages, their motor boats race the waters in the early morning and the pitch of night. They fish together, work together—as pleasant a family as ever tanned and fattened under the summer sky. And now since the railway came within catapult throw of the big Marks' home, they are building a great rehearsal hall, warehouse, and painting-studio where the entire Marks enterprise will be housed when the forty weeks of road tour are ended and another forty in process of planning.

The Marks stock companies, which a large proportion of Canadians and Americans have known at some time or other, are in many senses the foundation stones of theatrical effort in the Dominion. There have been more delectable efforts, as with the gifted and unfortunate Harold Nelson once an idol of Western Canada, but the dramatic companies organized by the Marks family have been the real genesis of Canadian theatrical enterprise. Although continuity of management in the theatrical business is tragically rare, the brand of "Marks" in the theatrical world has persisted for thirty-eight years, developing from the original single venture of Robert W. into the four companies of the present day, owned by four brothers, R. W., Tom, Joseph and Ernest. Stranger still, profits have flowed in until the family fortune represents probably half a million dollars, invested, you may be sure, where the moth and rust of the theatrical gamble corrupts not even a penny.

In the commonplace designation of theatre-goers three divisions are usually hit upon as sufficient to pigeon-hole universal taste for amusement. There is the high-brow crowd which attends only when the tickets equal a roast-of-lamb, the low-brows running largely to burlesque where the chief comedian smashes a pie against a Chinaman's face, and the browless or unpretending crowd which attends frankly and vaguely to "see a good clean drama." These divisions are sorely inaccurate but upon such assumptions men build theatres and companies rehearse their actors and playwrights write plays. Theoretically there are but three spots giving deadly access to the Public's brains: in the head, in the feet, and in the region between the stomach and the heart. The latter I think, might roughly describe the target against which the average travelling repertoire company train their crossbows. "Lena Rivers," "Dora Thorne," "The Two Orphans," "The Three Musketeers," and all their thousand-and-one comrades, such as these companies are accustomed to play, represent a fairly close approximation to the actual ideals, aspirations, and notions of morality lurking in the skull of the average man and woman. At least they are healthy and polite, with a plain-as-day plot, a Calvinistic denunciation of dark moustaches, and a halo of broken hearts and scalding tears pinned above the heroine's tiara. Virtue in rags never failed to make women cry—in the theatre—and the click of the duellist's sword resolves the humble carpenter to spend his next strike pay on fencing lessons. I have watched audiences bawl in undisguised grief at the picture of poor lean Lena Rivers, and men stuff handkerchiefs down their larynx when little Eva moans to Uncle Tom that she is "going there." Let no one take away the notion that the impact of the visiting stock company leaves no permanent reminder on the life of a nation for I fancy I know a Canadian and American election or two that were decided on the pattern of "Dora Thorne," "Parted At The Altar" or "The Devil's Auction."

How those seven brothers of the Marks quit the festive life of their father's farm near Perth is an end of

ROBERT W. MARKS
One of seven brothers who have made half a million out of the show business

the story which must be dragged from the past. As often happens in big families of farm lads, Robert W., the eldest, struck out as a small trader, beating up business for organs and sewing machines. The other boys worked the farm, cut the roots, jigged round on the hay rake, attended the circus, hoed turnips and in other ways experienced the glorious uplift that goes with farm life as we know it. One day, Robert W., still vending his five-octaved harmonicas came to Maybrook and into that village that same day came Kane Kennedy, magician, "Mysterious Hindu from the Bay of Bengal," as his name indicates, and Kane rented a hall and bade the tired-business-man of Maybrook, Ontario, to come right this way.

Robert saw the show, recognized the cleverness of the performer and fixed one conclusion in his mind that Kane Kennedy, rightly managed, could make three times the gate receipts. After the audience left, Robert introduced himself and said: "I own a team of horses and a wagon; you have a tent and a lot of clever bunco. Let's hitch and take fifty-fifty of the profits."

That day was the start of the Marks Brothers' enterprise. Robert headed across Ontario by easy stages—if a stage *can* be easy—and found himself in the year 1879 on the way to Winnipeg. No railways were then in sight of Manitoba. "I could have vaulted across Winnipeg on any clothes-pole," as Robert expressed it to me. "It was just a muddy fresh-rigged town that Easterners thought was a thousand miles northwest of the North Pole and did not care if it moved another thousand. The show I gave in 1879 was the first amusement enterprise to come to Winnipeg. The issue of one of the two weekly newspapers of that day stated that 'Winnipeg is no longer in the back woods as a show has struck town.'"

The only way to get into the Dakotas from Manitoba was by taking the "flyer" or flat boat down the Red River, and Robert Marks with the entertainer and three or four additional people to help the show out, took chances on the southbound currents of fortune. Even in such times news travelled with surprising swiftness, so that when the flat boat veered into the dock at Grand Forks, N. Dakota, the sheriff of the place with a luxurious moustache hurdling over his upper lip ordered Marks and his company ashore. Marks tried to balk the order.

"You have no hall," he protested, but the sheriff was equal to the challenge.

"The townspeople say they won't let you by. If you give the word we'll fit up an opery house in half an hour." So Marks gave the word and half the men in Grand Forks carried tables and beer kegs into a half-finished store. The tables were stacked against one end to form a stage while the kegs served as seats. Three shows were given that day—the first entertainment Grand Forks had ever seen.

When a showman struck his route through the north-western part of Alberta about 1880, he gambled desperately on a perforated hide. In the majority of these raw untamed towns to which the Marks caravan finally made its way, local custom decreed that the travelling troupe should be the natural target of the drunken and well-armed cowboy. In the history of these towns no entertainment had been more than half finished before one or more "toughs" started potting at the lamp chimneys, reducing the house to darkness and chaos in a very few minutes. Marks saw he must nip such horseplay in the bud or lose his profits. Before reaching a town he'd secure the names of the five wildest characters known to local annals, and these men he'd seek out, coax into a good humor with drinks and then request them as an especial honor to act as policemen at the evening's entertainment. With solemn conscientiousness those men carried out their duty. Ugly, burly, ill-scarred cutthroats, they stalked up and down the aisles during the performance, swaggering from right to left, and if a person in the audience dared even to laugh in the wrong place one of the gunmen was at his side with a significant slap on the shoulder and a grunted innuendo about "filling him full of lead." But Marks solved the showman's problem of keeping order in the bad lands, although as he says himself "the gunmen kind of spoiled the quiet scenes."

Colville, Kansas, 1 a.m., and Marks was seated at a table in the only hotel, the "Silver Dollar." Then, as since, he wore the high silk hat which has distinguished the Marks Brothers in their out-of-doors appearances. No one had ever dared enter Colville in a plug topper before but Marks looked on it as good advertising. Presently he detected a solemn footfall behind him and without an instant's warning a pistol was rammed within an inch of the hat and two bullets ploughed their way into the wall opposite. Marks turned with all the calmness he could muster and said: "Pardner, please take better aim next time." For an instant the cowboy glowered above him, for he had mistaken him for a preacher.

"How'll ye trade hats?" he challenged. The showman hesitated a moment but caught sight of a gesticulating bar-tender half hid behind a partition.

"Done!" he declared, and they cemented the exchange with a drink. That hat deal proved opportune, for the cowboy was the largest ranch owner in the district and in honor of his plug-hatted guest formed his outfits into a guard-of-honor to escort the Canadian about town. He also insisted that every employee should buy from Marks from one to five tickets for the performance.

The hair-raising period of mining towns and six-shooters came to an end about the time that Robert drew his brother Tom into a vaudeville partnership. Where previously they had been taking any trail that led to life at its fiercest and freshest, now they determined to quit buccaneering and make the show business as normal as a hardware store. Robert and Tom worked the variety circuits throughout the North-west until the fields were white with the stubble. That led them to organize a dramatic repertoire company and through the requirements for actors, vaudeville performers for the waits between acts, advance agents and managers the other brothers of the Marks family were absorbed one by one from the farm back near Perth. In such manner seven boys from the single household leagued themselves to a theatrical enterprise—a record quite unique in the world of amusement.

Four companies came into operation as time went on and ambitions expanded. With popular gifts for comedy Tom and Ernest hoed out their own row in eastern and western Canada and in the United States. Robert W. established a goodly name in the Dominion through his own industry and the talents of his wife and star, May Bell Marks and then struck south for the past ten years through New England. Joseph another of the brethren—operates successfully in various parts of the country. And always the plans are made and executed under happy co-operation. No special stroke of good fortune befalling one brother or son or daughter becomes a matter of general family rejoicing. Perhaps that is owing a little to the white haired mother of the Marks clan, still in vigor of body and mind, to whom the children rally once a year as to their common friend and leader.

From this fine old lady, far past eighty years, to the youngest Marks Robert aged four, is a short interval as time is counted but it makes a long lane of travel and adventure. I reckon that the one parent company started by R. W. Marks has entertained nearly 6,000,000 people since it first took the road. Of this No. 1 company, Mrs. Marks has a repertoire of over 200 long parts in which she is "letter-per-

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Col. F. S. Meighen

Versatile patron of Music, Art, Literature, Polo and The Army

By Madge Macbeth

THE second in command of the new Montreal regiment known as The Grenadier Guards, may not have fulfilled a young boy's ideal of the stalwart soldier; for he was a smallish man of slighter build than his photographs seem to denote. Beside his manner was devoid of that autocratic intolerance toward his subordinates which is so frequently assumed by members of military circles and which is apt to awe the youth who does not require to come beneath its sting. It reminds one of the story which pictures Pat, a brawny giant, belaboring an underworker so brutally that at last the superintendent interfered.

"Why in heaven's name are you beating that man, Pat ?" he asked.

"Just to show oi have the aut'ority," replied the Irishman, well satisfied with himself.

Colonel Frank Stephen Meighen derived no satisfaction from merely showing his authority; indeed, his example was sufficient for his men, for he *is* a soldier. And like many another great military leader, he is not constrained to measure his soldierliness by inches

His title does not indicate military prominence of mushroom growth. Since boyhood, his tastes have centered largely about the armouries of Montreal, and he has been identified with the 5th Royal Scots—well, from Adjutant, upward.

Mr. Meighen — Colonel Meighen—was born in Montreal, December 24th, 1869, son of the late Robert and Helen Stephen Meighen; and nephew of that well-known Empire-builder, Lord Mount Stephen.

He attended the High School, graduated into McGill, and received his B A in 1892. Born, as the saying goes, with a silver spoon in his mouth, enabled from a monetary standpoint to choose any career his fancy might dictate—or none at all for the matter of that, young Meighen made his father his ideal, and decided to enter a business life—the sort which Robert meighen filled so ably in the commercial metropolis of the Dominion

Every one knows that the Lake of the Woods Milling Company was one of the late Robert Meighen's pet hobbies, and through this concern young Frank industriously worked his way to the responsible post of secretary-treasurer. And he got there by work, gentle reader, and not because he was the son of his father! "Slow, but sure," many people say of him

One can usually tell a director by the company he keeps, and Mr. Meighen kept such a good company, and the members of it had such confidence in him, that upon the death of his father he was requested to succeed to the presidency. In many ways, he is totally unlike his father and in no particular does this show so plainly as in his refusal to make business the sole object of his life. His interests are many and varied outside of things commercial and things military, and they range from art to sport. His library, one of the finest in Montreal, shows the result of thoughtful selection, for Mr. Meighen is not only a collector of books but a reader of them The time usually spent by other men at their clubs is given over by this man to reading. He is a member of almost every club in Montreal; yet he is rarely ever in any of them. They say—that mysterious 'they' who talk so much and say so little—they say that Colonel Meighen is not a good mixer, that he is too reserved, too fond of minding his own business. Perhaps! But take it from one who knows, that should he want to win the friendship of a man or a collection of men, he would fail just about as often as it snows in July. He gets what he wants, he wins it one might say, in contradistinction to the people who have it thrust upon them

Another source of great pleasure to this many-sided man is his collection of miniatures, which is considered the finest in Montreal, and probably in the Dominion But he is most widely known as a patron of music. Colonel Meighen was responsible—to what extent, I am not sure—in bringing the Grand Opera Company to Montreal. He was responsible to the tune of many, many thousands, for keeping them there. It was an ambition of his, to give Canada a permanent Grand Opera Company of its own, and to give encouragement to Canadian singers, so that they might not be obliged to seek fame and fortune abroad. Apparently, the public did not see eye to eye with him, in this matter, and the Company was forced to disband in spite of his liberal support

Colonel Meighen is an enthusiastic polo player, his ardour impelling him to buy a portion of land in Back River, establish polo grounds and maintain a club there This, I am told, costs something like $10,000 a year. He keeps about twenty polo ponies beside his other horses, and has entertained many of the most prominent polo players of the world at his club

Very few Canadians, comparatively speaking have made an especial study of languages—Colonel Meighen proving the ex-

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COL. FRANK STEPHEN MEIGHEN
Who represents the highest type of leisured English gentleman, Canadianized

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Naples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell, and it was the girl of the portrait. Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details continued in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original but when Jeffrey scrapes this off Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet, Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits her fake but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her and asks her, "What was Irene Dormer to you?"

CHAPTER X.—Continued

Jack turned to his wife. "It was a trick, wasn't it, Gwendolyn?" he asked.

She nodded and gave a little shiver. "I hate to remember that woman's scream," she said. "I don't believe I'd have planned it if I had realized it would affect her like that."

"Tell us about it," I said. "How did you come to think of it?"

"Why," said Gwendolyn, "I've always heard that most spiritualists believe, in a way, in their own magic. Of course, they know that what they do is just a trick, but they believe, in the back of their minds, all the time, that there is something really behind it. When I talked to her the other day, I saw that she was like that. We talked together for a long time, and it was perfectly clear that, down in the bottom of her mind, she thought there was something in it.

"So I thought that if we were to produce what looked like a materialization, play a trick on her—the same kind of trick that she plays on other people—she would be—well, startled into admitting something. But I didn't dream it would terrify her like that. Mr. Jeffrey agreed with me that if she did know anything about the girl they found in the ice, the trick would probably work."

"But how did you work the trick? That's what I want to know. It's the ghastliest thing I ever saw. I was frightened myself, and I believe Jack was."

He nodded.

"Oh," said Gwendolyn, "that was Mr. Jeffrey's idea. The thing I thought of was ordinary in comparison. The thing I thought of was to borrow his portrait and have it hidden behind a curtain somewhere, and then draw the curtain. But his plan was so much better that I doubt if mine would have worked at all. He deserves the credit for it."

Then we all turned to Jeffrey.

"Why, it was simple enough," said he, "if you happen to know a little about parlor magic. Iridium. That's the answer. You paint a little film of iridium on the back of a plate of glass, and it has the property of being opaque to reflected light and transparent to transmitted light."

"Well?" said Richards.

"Why, we chose the library for the seance," said Jeffrey, "because it has a mirror in it—a big mirror. We took that out and set my portrait in behind it, and hung a bluish-white electric light over it. Then we replaced the mirror with a sheet of plate-glass painted with iridium. As soon as there was light in front of it in the room and none behind it, it made as good a mirror as if it had been silvered. But as soon as we turned out the light in the library, as of course we knew the medium would do, it was possible to make the portrait show through the glass by turning on the light behind it.

"I had the thing wired so that I

could put on the current gradually and work the switch from under a litter of papers on the library table As soon as the woman screamed I turned off the light, just before you turned up the lights in the library. Of course, when you did that, the glass became a mirror again, and the portrait was hidden."

"So the medium still thinks," said I, "that she really saw Irene Fournier's face? She hasn't discovered the trick."

"They use iridium mirrors a lot themselves," said Jeffrey; "and she may think of it in time, or her husband may. But I don't think they have thought of it yet. So I'd suggest," he concluded, "that we bring them in here and question them."

Richards had already started toward the door to put this suggestion into effect, when an exclamation of Jeffrey's halted him. We all turned to look at him, and saw an expression of perplexity and vexation in his face.

"What's the matter?" I asked

"The Jap!" said Jeffrey. "What became of him?"

"The Jap!" I echoed.

"The man who was playing the organ," said Jeffrey.

And at that we all stared at each other blankly.

"He was playing the organ all through the seance," said I; "and then when we turned up the lights he was gone"

"No," said Gwendolyn; "don't you remember how much more impressive everything got when I asked for the girl who was frozen in the ice? Don't you remember how still it was? The organ had stopped playing then."

"You're right," I corroborated. "And I remember now feeling a draft of cold air. I thought it was Richards opening the door."

"I had the door open as soon as the lights were out," said Richards.

"Well, we've lost him," said Jeffrey. "That may be important, and it may not. We'll know more about it when we've questioned the medium and her husband. He may simply have smelled trouble and got away, without having any other vital reason for doing so. Anyhow, he's gone. Let's have the others in."

Richards had already turned toward the door to carry out Jeffrey's suggestion, when we heard a sound that froze us in our places for a moment—held us staring at each other and then galvanized us all into sudden activity.

All sorts of sudden sounds are compared with the muffled throb of a revolver-shot, but really nothing else sounds just like it, and there is no question about the real thing when you hear it.

As Richards flung open the door we heard the officer we had left on duty calling for him, and as we ran out pell-mell into the hallway our nostrils were greeted by the pungent, acrid tang of gunpowder.

When we got into the library we saw Barton—the medium's husband—lying on the floor, bleeding profusely from an ugly looking wound in his neck. His wife was bending over him, and the policeman had hold of her.

My first thought was that they had made some sort of concerted attack on him, and that it was he who had fired. But the sight of a dainty little silver-mounted revolver on the floor, a yard or two away from where the man was lying, put an end to that idea. One of our prisoners had fired the shot.

Jack rushed to the telephone to call a doctor, and the rest of us gave our first attention to the wounded man. He had fainted, and his condition gave us a bad scare for a minute or two. But we soon came to the conclusion that the wound was not a fatal one.

"Who did it?" asked Richards of the officer as soon as there was time for such a question.

"I don't know," said the policeman. "The two of them were over there in the corner with their heads together talking away in low voices so that I shouldn't hear what they said. The first thing I knew, I saw a flash and heard a shot. I don't know where they got the gun from or who fired it."

The woman had paid absolutely no attention to any of us. Her white face, as she bent over her husband's body, showed no more expression than if she had been turned to stone. But, after hearing the policeman's answer to Richard's question, she spoke in a voice as expressionless as her stony face.

"I shot him," she said. "But I didn't mean to. I was trying to shoot myself, when he caught hold of the barrel of the revolver."

"You know that anything you say may be used against you?" said Richards. "It's my duty to tell you that."

"I am going to say something," said the woman, "and you can listen as hard as you like and use it all you

JEFFREY HAD PLAYED HIS CARD, THE QUESTION NOW WAS—WHAT DID THE WOMAN HOLD AND WOULD SHE BLUFF OR WOULD SHE SHOW?

please. That'll be better than—"

Richards glanced round at the policeman. "Wait a minute," he said. "This isn't the time to talk. We've got to look after your husband."

The police detective who looks forward to landing a big crime is as fearful of interference, as nervous lest some one else get the credit away from him, as a reporter who thinks he has a scoop. Richards didn't mind us. We couldn't get the credit away from him in any case. He was afraid of the policeman.

The doctor for whom Jack had telephoned lived just around the corner and came almost immediately. It was at Gwendolyn's suggestion that we had the wounded man taken to a spare bed-room, instead of calling for an ambulance. That was a rather welcome way out of the difficulty to Richards as well as to ourselves. For a different set of reasons we dreaded publicity about equally.

Gwendolyn took charge of our new patient until a regular nurse could arrive, and Jack went along with her. Jeffrey and I accompanied Richards back into the library, where the policeman had detained the woman. Richards sent him out to stand guard outside. He examined the revolver in silence before he began asking any questions.

It was a dainty, small-caliber weapon, hardly the sort that a man would think of carrying about with him.

"Where do you carry this?" was his first question.

The woman answered by pointing, without a word, to an inner pocket in the coat of the rather mannish-looking tailored suit she wore.

Richards went over to her, turned the coat back, and looked critically at the lining around the pocket. It was perfectly evident that she was telling the truth. The line formed by the edge of the cylinder was worn there clear across.

"Been carrying it for some time, then?" said Richards.

"Yes," said the woman sullenly.

"When did *you* first know Irene Fournier?" said the lieutenant.

I began to get a better impression of Richard's power. Compared to Jeffrey, he had always seemed downright stupid. But that question was cleverly put. I felt perfectly sure that Richards had never heard that name until the woman herself cried it out on seeing the vision in the mirror, and yet his tone had the assured, contemptuous authority of one who could have given her police record from the time she was fifteen. He strengthened this effect a moment later, after waiting in silence for the woman to answer his question.

"It was hard luck for you when you did meet her—wherever it was—wasn't it?"

In words the woman answered only the first part of the lieutenant's speech, but the expression of hatred on her face was a sufficient commentary on the second part of it.

"I met her along last October," she said

"Well," said Richards, "how did it happen? How did you get to know her?"

"She drove up to the house one day in a taxi," said the woman. "I thought she was some swell come for a reading I thought she'd be a pretty good subject, too; she looked so innocent with those big, soft eyes of hers, as if she'd believe anything you told her. The first thing that surprised me about her was her talk. She looked like an American, all right; but she talked with a foreign accent—French, I guess, and the name she gave us had a French sound."

"Fournier?" said Richards. "How did she spell it?"

The medium spelled it out for him.

"That's French, isn't it," said Richards, turning to Jeffrey, who nodded. "Well," said Richards, "did you give the woman her reading?"

"She didn't want one," said the medium. "She wanted to rent our top floor. Said she liked the neighborhood and wanted to live quietly. I said I'd have to see my husband about that, and called him in. And he agreed to let her have the rooms right off."

"She was all alone?" asked Richards. "Hadn't she a maid or anything?"

"Why—yes, she was alone," answered the woman. "There was a Jap who came to see her every day. They'd have long talks together. It seemed as if she was giving him orders. He never had any talk with any of us."

"He was the man who was playing the organ—this evening, and who beat it when he heard we were asking about her," said Richards.

He didn't say it like a question, and the woman made no answer. Not even a gesture of assent or denial.

"You and your husband got pretty well acquainted with her, didn't you?" said Richards.

The woman nodded. "We took her into partnership with us for a while," she said.

"How did that happen? Was she a medium?"

"No; but she used to give us tips."

"Tips!" I repeated.

"About people," the medium explained—"folks who had come to consult us, or who we could get to come. And it was queer how much she knew that we didn't, and we make a point of knowing a good deal. She told us about Miss Meredith. We'd never even heard of her. It was Irene told us she was rich and queer and all we kept up about the loss of [illegible] She told us she was having the girl's portrait painted. She said she thought she could get the portrait for us to look at for a day or two that we could get ready for the old lady.

"It was then the talk came up of her going in partnership with us. It was the next day Miss Meredith came. We hadn't done anything about trying to land her. I suppose Irene had thought I never knew. She drove up in a carriage with a heavy veil on and said she wanted a reading.

"I was going to give her one anyway, because I knew already from what Irene had told me enough to make a good beginning. But Irene wouldn't hear of it—made us send her away. Said we were too busy, and make an appointment for her early the next week. She said that was the way to impress those people—treat them as if you didn't care anything about them. We got the portrait the next day. The Jap brought it in.

"Did you know where Irene got it?" Richards asked.

"No," said the woman. "She said she'd borrowed it, and that we could keep it a week, and long enough. It was the most wonderful thing I ever saw. It almost frightened me. And my husband felt the same way about it."

"How was that?" asked Richards.

"Why," said the woman, "it might have been painted from Irene herself. We both of us looked at it and said that if Irene only had the dress she might have walked straight out of the picture. She said she thought she could get the dress, and the next day she had it. I don't know how she did that either."

"You gave Miss Meredith a materialization the next time she came?"

The woman nodded. "We didn't dare let her see too much," she said. "We were afraid she'd go right out of her head. We just gave her a little glimpse in a dark light. But that was enough."

"Well?" said Richards. "Go on. How many more times did Miss Meredith come?"

"She never came again," said the woman. "She made an appointment but she didn't come to keep it."

"Why do you suppose that was?" asked Richards.

"I don't know," said the medium. "Didn't Irene any suggestion of explanation?"

Irene disappeared the next day herself.

"What day was it she disappeared?" asked Richards. "Do you remember the date?"

Continued on page 60.

Come Sup With Us

One Supper Free With Every Breakfast This Week

Our Annual 10-Meal Treat

Again we make this offer, to introduce to your home the ideal summer supper, the best-liked dairy dish.

The offer is this: Buy from your grocer a package of Puffed Rice to serve for breakfast with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit.

Take this coupon with you. Your grocer will give you for it, at cost, a 12-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Serve that as a supper or luncheon dish floating in bowls of milk.

That means ten breakfasts and ten suppers, all for 15 cents. The suppers are our treat.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Bubbles of Whole Wheat

Compare Puffed Wheat with bread or crackers, served in bowls of milk. Here are toasted kernels of whole wheat puffed to eight times normal size. They are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread.

The morsels are airy and flaky and thin. They crush at a touch. In the form they are getting the utmost that is fitted for food. All the supply the whole wheat nutriment in the most delightful way that's known.

Nothing else that you serve in milk compares in taste or form or fitness with Puffed Wheat.

What Steam Explosion Does

Then Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. The process creates in every grain a hundred million steam explosions. Every food granule is blasted to pieces so digestion can easily act. No other process does that.

So, beside their enticements, there are other reasons for Puffed Grains. In this form every atom feeds, and there is no tax on digestion. When these grains are served between meals or at bed time they should be always served in this way.

Here's a 12c Coupon

We want you to know the wider uses of Puffed Grains. They are not mere breakfast cereals, not mere dainties to be mixed with fruit. They are superlative foods, the best cooked foods in existence. There are endless uses in every home where nothing else serves as well.

To let folks know this we are making this offer to millions of homes this week, and we urge you to accept it.

Buy from your grocer for 15 cents a package of Puffed Rice. Then we will pay for a package of Puffed Wheat. Present the coupon and you get them both. You pay your grocer for the two. Do this so your folks may know all the delights of Puffed Grains. Cut out the coupon now.

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER above

Good in Canada or United States Only

The Undersigned hereby buys of you one package of Puffed Rice at the regular price, and my grocer is requested to give me with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name _____

Address _____

_____ 1915

To the Grocer

We will pay you [illegible] upon which coupon has been properly signed by the customer with your assistance that the above offer was complied with.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.
West of Ontario, Saskatoon, Sask.

This coupon not good if presented after June 25 1915
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

12-Cent Coupon — Good only when Puffed Rice is purchased

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. **Sole Makers** **Saskatoon, Sask**

FACES SPOTTED WITH PIMPLES

BLOTCHES, BLACKHEADS, Etc.

You see them every day, young men and women by the score. We treat them personally and by mail and cure them too after all else has failed. Many were told they would outgrow them—but they couldn't be helped, etc. Are you one of the [illegible] of

OUR HOME TREATMENT

will convince the most skeptical that our remedies are the most reliable made. We've given over 23 years to the study of skin [illegible] and complexion blemishes and are daily treating them

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, WARTS, etc., eradicated forever by Electrolysis, the only treatment that will permanently destroy the growth. Satisfaction assured. Send 6 cents for descriptive booklet and sample Toilet Cream.

We treat the skin scalp, hair and figure. Consultation invited at office or by mail.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE

62 College St., Toronto. Estab. 1892

COUPON

Kindly send booklet "M" and sample of Toilet Cream.

Name

Address

Druggist

Bran Does This

It aids to good health, good spirits, clear complexions, better days. It is Nature's laxative.

A bran dish three times weekly helps keep one at his best.

But folks don't like clear bran. So in Pettijohn's we hide it in luscious flakes of wheat. Not gritty bran, but tender. One can hardly discern it. Yet each dish is one-fourth bran.

This bran-food is efficient yet inviting. It will delight you in taste and effect.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address the Quaker Oats Company, East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.; West of Ontario; Saskatoon, Sask.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THIS is the time, when, if you are past youth, the tender old lines, "Oh, that we two were Maying!" come to mind and soften the eye and the memory. What would we do without that divinely human gift of memory! And now, think of it as the world stands to-day. Over there in those mighty British Isles, the first little flowers are a-bloom; all through Europe the daisies are springing above dead men—young, vigorous, beloved men of which Canada takes her heavy toll. So that, thinking over dear and peaceful "Mayings," of old-time sweethearts, of the dancing step of the girl with the light heart who never can grow old because Time hasn't the heart to furrow her cheek or whiten her hair, and thinking with a sense of gladness, of freshness—a damper to it all comes with the morning paper and its black and heavy head-lines. You happy, my dear, when some mother's son, some woman's man, some little girl's brother lies in a broken heap afar on the battlefield!

Of course you are not happy! The grief of all those other dear, silent, patient women, creeps into your soul and drowns the joyous thoughts of Spring; the old delicious memories. Every mother suffers with another mother. That love, the mother-love, knows no bounds. It is outside all conventional limits just as a giant river sweeping through the land might be. Nor can the true woman's sympathy be with the mothers, wives and sisters of our race only. Sympathy,—thank God, who sent His only Son to the Cross to demonstrate it to Humanity—is, must necessarily be, world wide. We must share our sorrow and love with the German or Austrian woman who has given all she loves most on earth to the service. We do not for a moment believe that our enemies are in the right, or will win. But we must accord them their due, honestly won, for bravery and an immense, if forlorn courage. We must honor valour, even if it goes against us; we must look out on the world with wide, generous eyes. Our trouble is, and it is a world-wide trouble, that we look on our own side as a thing "invincible" and on the other or opposing side as cowardly, brutal, and mean. We have heard all about German "atrocities" but while deploring them as sins against humanity, we oftentimes fail to realize that the average German soldier—so often a mere peasant—is a conscript, a sort of cattle driven to punishment and death.

Yet, even a cow loves her calf

THE MARITIME TRADITION

HAS it that Britishman and seaman are names that must live and die together. The Pedlar is no politician (Poor soul! were he one he would not need to scribble for a living) but even that peaceful and civil man must agree with a valorous shout that the old girl—whom we call Britain, is right. Time again has she proved her sea supremacy. Trafalgar Day has come to stand as the symbol and rallying point of one great tradition; and we have (at the moment's writing) Beatty's grand dash to bear out our belief in Britain as mistress of the seas.

PAT O'BRIEN

TIM of the Cross-roads was jubilant. "There doesn't much creep out under the censor's blue pencil," he told the Pedlar, as the two were communing over their wayside lunch. "Sorra much, but be holy Saint Patrick, Beatty done the thrick on the seas, an' Hogan an' O'Leary on the land. That was a broth of a boy, O'Leary an' beloved av the wimmen. He was a win-

ner with them, too, be all accounts; especially with them French Mamzelles, which is foreign for colleens. Again Redmond has gathered the finest collection av boys from North an' South. The poor, quare little counthry! Me God, man, times have changed since I was a gossoon—before the young people were quitting the land for America an' our own Canada There was nobody left when I went over in 1892 but ould men an' wimmen an' babies. An' now Ireland has contributed thirty-five thousand and again thirty thousand more! An' look at the size of us over here! Pedlar, me man, if you an' me was young, 'tisn't here we'd be, talking for the magazines an' posturing for the movies Faith we'd be in the thick av the fighting, boy, wid O'Leary an' the like." The old man drooped a bit, and on his grand old face came a look of grief The weariness of life stood strongly on it. Old Tim was thinking deep thoughts and the Pedlar walked softly down the road.

OUR BOYS AT THE FRONT

ONE gets a bit tired reading of the glories of "The Patricias" few of whom are Canadian born. What of our Boys of other regiments? We do not see any encomiums coming their way in the daily papers. In fact, the London picture papers rarely furnish photographs of the Canadian Forces. And I am jealous for our boys. They are so fine, so big, so strong. Yesterday the Pedlar was looking, through a mist, at a part of our third contingent marching—well set-up men, a lot too good to feed to the guns of the enemy. In its way a heart breaking sight, and yet a glorious one!

Still the woman at home occupies one's thought. Hers the waiting, the watching, the wondering. Hers to go on with the little but important daily tasks; hers to bear the babies and spend on them her hope and love; hers to give her grown man-child, and to watch the "Honour" list. Believe me, that Woman's message from on High or from Nature is to suffer and to wait.

All the same:

These were maimers not of cattle
Who behaved like men in battle—
Open battle for the fighting British Lion,
No assassin's knife they carried
But ten thousand men they harried
An' ould Dublin is their city, Pat O'Brien.

Forgive a Pedlar this, but I am so proud of my Irish Boys

THE BLUE CROSS

THE news that a whole Company, or rather combination is decently expressed by a first (and second) aid

Important Announcement to the Canadian Public

By the proprietors of WINCARNIS

IT has come to our notice that there is a tendency to class "WINCARNIS" as a "Beef, Iron, and Wine." We want to state emphatically that "WINCARNIS" is *not* a "Beef, Iron, and Wine"—there is no iron whatever in "WINCARNIS" and it is far superior to any other wine tonic.

WINCARNIS is composed of three ingredients:

(1) Pure, natural, specially selected wine
(2) Extract of beef
(3) Extract of malt

These three ingredients constitute the most valuable tonic, blood-building and restorative elements known to science. They are combined by a special process which retains and enhances their health-giving properties in the form of an agreeable and satisfying beverage.

Remember—There is No Substitute for

WINCARNIS

ENDORSED BY OVER 10,000 PHYSICIANS

PRICE: Pint Bottles, 90c; Quart Bottles, $1.50

If you cannot obtain Wincarnis from your dealer, write to our Canadian Agent, Mr. F. S. Ball, 67 Portland Street, Toronto.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

For Men, Women and Children

Any kind of Shoes
BLACK, WHITE, TAN
2 in 1 gives the "Shine of Satisfaction"

The F. F. DALLEY CO.,

IF NOT ALL AROUND THE WORLD AND YOU WILL FIND NOTHING SUPERIOR IN SURROUNDINGS OR SERVICE
BUFFALO'S IDEALLY LOCATED HOTEL

HOTEL LENOX

North St., at Delaware Ave., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Patrons who visit this hotel once, invariably tell their friends that—for *Fair Rates*, complete and perfect equipment and unfailing courtesy

BUFFALO'S LEADING TOURIST HOTEL

unquestionably excels. Beautifully located in quiet section—North St. at Delaware Ave. Thoroughly modern—fireproof Best obtainable cuisine and service

European Plan—$1.50 per Day and Up
Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

Take Elmwood Ave. car to North St. Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls," also for Special Taxicab Arrangement.

C. A. MINER, Manager

Feel the Tingle and "Snap"

to your entire body after a bath under a

NIAGARA SHOWER

MADE IN CANADA.

There's nothing equal to it. If you take it in the morning you're gingered up for the whole day. Take it when you get home at night and you're a new man. There is no comparison between a shower and a tub bath. A shower is a genuine pleasure—a tub bath is a genuine necessity, but it comes close to being a genuine nuisance.

A shower rests and soothes, braces and refreshes, brings health, comfort and vigor.

Have one in your own home where you and all the family can enjoy it whenever you please.

You can put up the "Niagara" shower in less than half-hour without any help from the plumber. Simply screw it to the wall and there you are.

The curtain absolutely prevents any splash or injury to walls or floor.

Complete, shower-head, pipe, clips, ring (nickel-plated), splash curtain and rubber tube, $15.00, delivered

Write for booklet on the Facts of Bathing, to Department C.

Kinzinger, Bruce & Co., Ltd.

Niagara Falls - Ontario

to those intelligent beings who work for us all, with their quiet, noiseless bodies, is happy news to any human being who has appreciated, or loved a horse or a dog. The charger's renown in battle dates from of old. It has happened in military annals that the story of the horse and his rider has been often told in the same dispatch. Only the other day we were looking at the picture of wounded horses coming in on sleighs to be treated by the humane men of the Blue Cross. One big fellow was bundled up, on the little cart, and two men were bending over him. You may say when you read this, "But what about the hurt MEN?" Kitchener attends to that, believe me. No doubt the horse shines with a reflected lustre, but, believe an old soldier, the bond between them is as indissoluble in death as it was in life. The war horse of the present day is appraised on his proved merits and there are many records of his great doings in the present struggle of the nations. Splendid is the assistance he often gives to his fortunate possessor. Rightly should he be assisted when he is wounded.

DANGER: AND THE MAN

YEARS ago, down in Cuba a soldier said to me, "I'm afraid when I hear the sing of the bullets." I answered: "So am I, but I'm only a woman and you are a man, and big." He took fresh heart then and it was my comfort to nurse him later when he was dignified by wounds. Some of the best soldiers the world has known felt a sense of fear when the first bullets came singing about their ears. The soldier at home is very much like the actor who is out of an engagement, and no one quite realizes what he can do until he has done it.

War naturally affords the highest and most tragic exposition of danger that we have; and the iciest of minds will allow that the soldier unconsciously takes on a new dignity during a campaign. The pomp and circumstance of war are in the very nature of things over-powering. Therefore, the impression it creates is deep-seated and abiding. It is impossible to ignore the power of the war drums, the thrill that the marching feet brings; the wet eyes of women watching their fine young men going to make food for the Moloch that war is. A red beast ever devouring, never satisfied. As never before the full meaning of war is coming home to Canadian women. Is it then strange that the actors in such a world-wide drama should be invested with the dignity inseparable from the situation. The boys on the firing line are the sons of every woman of us, and the big maternal heart of woman—whose man is always her baby—yearns over every lad at the front. They are all her sons.

O'LEARY

"I'M proud of O'Leary and' Hogan an' the rest," remarked the man at the Cross-roads, as he leisurely patted the tobacco into his pipe with his smallest finger. "I went to school wid O'Leary's father—a fine bonchal he was, full of fight an' divilment. An' the young sprig comes off a fine old root of shamrock. Down in Macroom they live, the O'Leary's, an,' the new Lance-Corporal is be all accounts a broth of a boy—especially with the wimmen. But shure what Irishman isn't. The race is doing finely in th' war. Pedlar me boy, that O'Leary stripling killed a round dozen of them Germans an' captured the rest. 'I knew he'd do something if he got the chance,' says his ould father an' mother, a big broad faced woman she is wid a face full of fight. An' so the boy did. But he made his chance. An' he took his opportunity at the first knock on the door, as Shakespere says.

Then look at the Connaught Rangers, your own West-of-Ireland sojers, Pedlar. Aren't they the men an' marching to their ould regimental tune, "The Young May Moon is Shining, Love," an dispising Tipperary' a well they might seeing it was not written by an Irishman at all. My Gor,' I was we wor youngsters Pedlar, an' row through the thrinches. 'Tis a sad day for the ould men who cannot join the colors."

WAR NICKNAMES

THE first Duke of Marlborough was to his men merely, "Corporal John." The grim Frederick the Great was known to his veterans as "Our Fritz." Napoleon at the height of his power was only, "The Little Corporal." Wellington was known to his troops as, "Old Nosey" (like a gander we had at home, by the way, who lived to an unknown age in the goose [illegible] Our Roberts, dear and beloved [illegible] put a wreath of Shamrocks on his tomb in St. Paul's on Patrick's Day) was known as "Little Bobs," and he loved the name

To come to the seamen famous in Britain's everlastingly glorious story, "Old Grog," was Admiral Vernon who in the reign of George II. was probably the most popular man in Britain. It was not "the drink" but his grogram waistcoat which brought him the soubrequet. And what a grogram vest would be, you will have to ask someone older than your Pedlar.

Another British Admiral of the fifteenth-sixteenth century was Sir John Norris, whose delightful subname was "Foul Weather Jack."

Continued on page 59.

The New Waltham Military Watch

"Design Reg'd"

The regular Waltham Military Watch, as already supplied in great numbers to Canadian soldiers, is a splendid sturdy timekeeper.

We now offer an improvement the advantage of which will be noted from the above illustration. The watch has its own armor plate which protects and partially covers the crystal.

This is the most substantial wrist watch made for military men. It has a solid back case with two bezels, rendering it weather proof.

We venture to say that the strength and reliability of these watches will well correspond with the same fighting qualities of the Canadian soldiers who wear them.

Ask to see the new watch at your jewelers. It is supplied in 7 Jewel grade at $12, and 15 Jewel grade at $15.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal

Suppose You Made a Vim-Food

Would You Make It Like Quaker Oats?

Suppose you could make your own oat flakes. And you knew that your children's vim and vitality depended largely on how they liked them.

Would you not sift out the little grains—puny, starved and tasteless? And make those flakes of only the big, rich, luscious oats?

We do that by 62 siftings. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker. Our process enhances the flavor, and brings to your table these rare, delicious flakes.

They are for folks like you—who know the value of oat food, and want this energizing dainty to be loved by those who need it.

Quaker Oats

The Morning Dessert

Nine folks in ten get too little oat food. And nothing can take its place. Oats stand unique and unapproached as vim-creating food. A thousand years have not produced a rival.

But little dishes far apart don't show the power of oats. To keep spirits bubbling over requires constant, liberal use.

That's the reason for this oat-food dainty, this luscious Quaker Oats. It is made to win children by its taste and aroma. It makes this supreme vim-food the welcome, wanted dish. It leads them to eat an abundance.

As a result, Quaker Oats is the favorite in millions of homes the world over.

If you want a home-full of oat lovers, specify Quaker Oats. Your nearest store supplies them without any extra price. And every package, always, is made exactly as we state.

Large Package

30c

Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.

Regular Package

12c

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

(886)

Apples of Eden

Continued from page 28

flash of lightning had stricken him, leaving nothing of vitality except the power to hurry on.

He turned into the road to the village and sat down to wait, or in the event of Mrs. Gordon coming while the man was there to stop her and take her off until the road should be clear. Presently, however, Patterson came out and Charlie saw him take the path toward the Inn

That night Locke packed his bags and telephoned for a reservation on the midnight train. When he finished he found it was only eight o'clock. Four interminable hours to wait. He must have one more look at the place where they had all had such good times.

As he passed the library window he stopped. Winnifred was talking very earnestly to Minnie, and both the girls had been crying. Winnifred seemed to be trying to keep Minnie from doing something. Then he heard horses' hoofs. It was too dark to discern the features of the man, but instinctively Locke knew who it was. He had been there and had just come from a session with the two girls. Charlie wanted to throttle him. "Gee, he certainly is a reckless rider. That's an ugly tempered brute he's on too. Is it possible he turned to the left. The sound of the hoofs seems to be coming from that direction. He couldn't have, because that's the old Dufooset Road—and Good Heavens, old Andrus told me they had taken the bridge down over the ravine to-day. I'm a fool, with a bundle of overwrought nerves. Patterson's no idiot, and he knows his directions."

All this, while he was walking up to the front of the house. On entering the library he noticed what a pathetically subdued little figure Minnie made.

"Winnifred tells me you're going tomorrow Charlie." It was half a question

"Yes, I'm afraid I've loafed long enough. I'm feeling pretty fit now, fit enough to face the music again. I expect to sail about the end of the month."

"Isn't your decision rather sudden? I thought you'd made your mind up to stay here all summer, and in fact eliminate all possibility of a return of your old trouble by an operation, before you joined your company."

"Yes, I had thought something of that, but I'm anxious to be off and into the thick of it, so I'm going."

Minnie continued: "Well Charlie, I have something unpleasant to tell you. Something that concerns both Winnifred and myself, and of course you as our friend."

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Good Lord, did he have to go through it after all, and before a third person. But what he said was:

"Anything that concerns you Minnie, will interest me, but why look so tragic."

Winnifred hadn't said a word, but she looked scared to death, and her mouth became a little hard line at Minnie's first words.

"I'm going to be frank with you Charlie and tell you that I wouldn't tell you this, if it wasn't absolutely necessary. In fact I wouldn't tell you if I didn't know that you'd probably read it in the Montreal papers tomorrow."

A faint little "please Minnie," came from Winnifred, but she apparently didn't hear it, and went on:

"A year ago, Winnifred and I spent the summer in Muskoka. Never mind what part. We met several men, naturally, but there was one, whom Winnifred tells me you've seen. His name was Patterson, and he was married. I—I—He fell in love with—

There was a thumping on the outside door. Mrs. Andrus opened it, and immediately started her: "Lord have mercy on my soul! Oh!"

Locke pushed forward to see what was wrong. Andrus and the gardener were carrying something that was covered.

Andrus said: "He's dead, sir. He took the road to the left, where the old bridge was. He didn't see that the bridge was gone in time to check the speed of his horse. His neck's broke."

Both the girls had been crowding behind Charlie, and had heard it all. After giving Andrus some directions, Locke took the girls back to the library.

They were both strangely quiet, but Minnie as usual was the first to break the silence.

"Charlie, I'm going to finish what I was telling you, at least a part of it. It isn't necessary now, to tell you the why's and wherefore's. Phillip Patterson left here to-night with the avowed intention of exposing the whole thing. Of course his version of the silly indiscretion wouldn't be pleasant—and as Winnifred and I have had more or less attention, we're naturally not over popular with some of the catty ones of our own sex. They would simply eat it up."

Minnie was going on in a sort of dazed way, but why in Heaven's name didn't she say who it was that had been mixed up with Patterson

"Phil Patterson's attention flattered me at first and——"

Thank God, then after all his girl with the clear eyes hadn't even been smirched, but why had she been the one to meet him and— -

Minnie's voice reached him like something unreal.

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"Winnifred learned of Patterson's presence and tried to shield me. She met him several times and tried to reason him out of his intention. He came here to-night for more money. Winnifred said bitter things to him—and he said the morning papers would — Please do I have to go on any more? Good-bye Charlie, you start early you said."

Winnifred walked to the far end of the room. What dignity she had, how could he ever have doubted her His instinct told him that she didn't want him to say anything about Minnie.

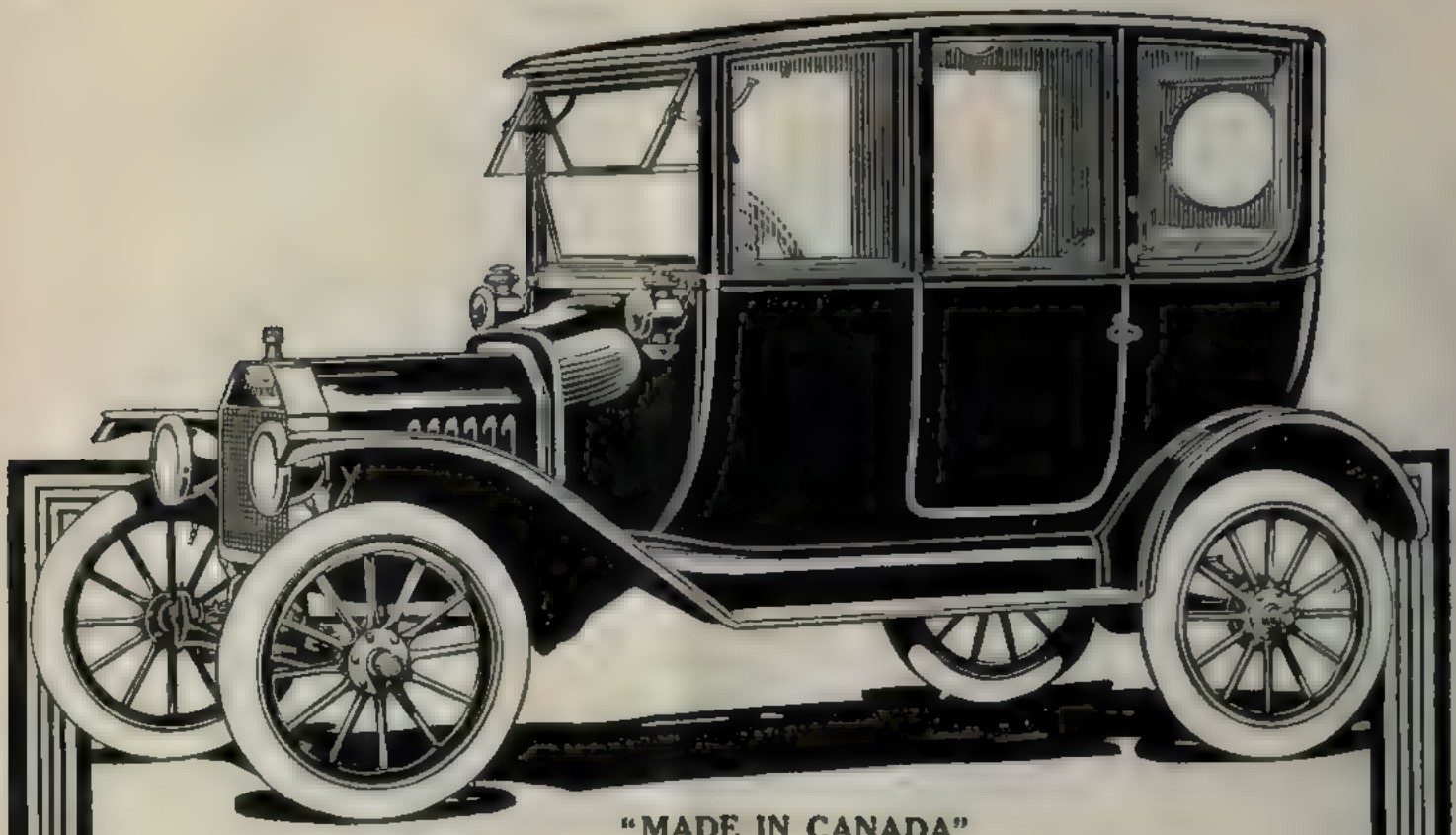
He came closer. "Winnie girl, why didn't you tell me

"This last week has been torture."

Winnifred's head dropped.

"Charlie, I'm going to ask you one thing. No matter what happens, I don't want this subject ever brought up again. You understand dear, *ever*. And I want you to know that in spite of it all, Minnie is the most wonderful little woman that walks."

"Of course little honey It's none



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Write for Catalogue B 1.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

of my affair, and anyway, we'll need Minnie's sunshine. Bless her dear little silly heart."

Minnie was going through the rather lonely looking rooms picking up a pair of gloves here, a picture and a book there. She was leaving the old place. Charlie and Winnifred had been married two weeks ago—or was it two years?

Was that the bell ringing. Oh! dear, she couldn't talk to anyone. Why did people bother her? Mrs. Andrus was coming. It wasn't a caller after all, merely a letter. A letter from Winnifred from Vancouver. Minnie's lip trembled a little.

"Minnie Mine!

"How stupid and weak written words are. How am I going to tell you what's in my heart? Minnie, I know now, when it's too late that you loved Charlie, but didn't know soon enough. Girl! girl! don't you know I wouldn't have done it, had I ever suspected you cared. I want you to believe me Minnie and know down deep in your heart that I never would have let you shoulder my folly; a folly you knew nothing of until that night.

"You say, Charlie loved me, and not you, and that you did it as much for him as for me. I tell you I didn't think your kind of love existed. And you meant me to go on and never know you cared, as I should if I hadn't stumbled over the little disconsolate heap in the woods. Minnie, if it could only have been an hour earlier. But it was too late then, we were married. I did what I thought best. God bless you girl."

The Railroader

Continued from page 19.

stump. It had been cut clean through and the rock was discovered embedded in the ground about 150 feet to he rear, where its cyclonic career ended.

Five hundred men and a steam shovel working for a week had the greatest part of the material cleared off the Grand Trunk track, night and day the work went on, the trains were running through in five days and soon matters were going smoothly once again.

But though the face of nature may be changed, she cannot be defeated. Over that rock-strewn valley, hardy mountain plants have taken root to flourish and beautify it. And when this summer's traveller glides through the Yellowhead on the first trains of the third Transcontinental, the evidences of the "Big Shot" will have vanished as completely as the men who prepared it, the hard-rock Swedes and the Dago muckers who have drifted like blown leaves tossed by the breath of that remote, inscrutable spirit who ordains the movements of labor.

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WITH DETERMINATION
SCOURS
WITH DISCRETION
POLISHES
WITH DESPATCH

GET
WHAT YOU
ASK FOR

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS COMPANY
SOLE MANUFACTURERS

WORK WITHOUT WASTE

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just came to see if yo' wouldn't join de mission band?"

"Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," replied the old mammy, "doan' come to me! I can't even play a mouf-organ."

FORD STARTER

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She—"What do you think are the three sweetest words in the English language?"

He—"Enclosed find check."

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T1068

Col. F. S. Meighen

Continued from page 33.

ception to this rule. He speaks French and Italian fluently, and has more than a working knowledge of German and Spanish. Of course, he has travelled in the countries where these languages are spoken, but so have many others of us, others, who did no more than pick up a catchy phrase or two, and a superficial idea of the people. He spent a year in Italy, studying the language, the literature and the people; his love of pictures made the grand old galleries more than a passing delight, his search amongst aged books usually resulted in a "find" of some sort, and he made numbers of friends amongst the warm-hearted people in all walks of life

There are those who call Colonel Meighen taciturn; retiring, modest unassuming are much better words. It seems to have been his desire all along not to do anything startling; not to appear prominently in any way whatever. He has been linked to the highest type of the leisured English gentleman, and probably that describes him as aptly as any phrase can. Three or four years ago he married Miss Gwenyth Jones, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Jones, of Quebec, and with delightful absence of aught resembling "splurge" he brought his bride home to his mother, living for some time in the handsome residence on Drummond Street. Only recently they moved to a home of their own, dignified, hospitable, to a degree, but unostentatious as has been everything which the owner of it is associated.

In going to the front, there must have been a wrench in the heart of this soldier-captain-of-industry, for he not only leaves a young wife, but an infant daughter in Montreal

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The Sunnyside Cruiser

The Canoe that made Toronto famous

Ask for Catalogue "C" which tells all about "Dean" Canoes, and make your selection.

Walter Dean, Foot of York St., Toronto

Furthest North Trader

IT is something like two thousand miles to the mouth of the Mackenzie from Edmonton. Recently a man who is engaged in business two hundred miles west of the point where this great river enters the Arctic and two hundred miles directly north of Dawson, paid a visit to the city

He was Mr. D. Cadzow, who for some ten years back has conducted at Rampart House on the Porcupine river a trading post which has the distinction of being the most northerly in America.

In talking to Mr. Cadzow one gets a new idea of the breadth of the Dominion. Though such a stretch of country lies between his home and Edmonton, he looks forward to the day, not long distant, when all along

the northern waterways there will be large settlement. All that is necessary is the building of the railway to meet navigable water at Fort McMurray.

He went down the Mackenzie first at the time of the Klondike rush, being about the only man who ever reached Dawson by that route. He had a most adventurous time of it, but arrived at the mining centre at the height of the excitement. When this died down, he went up to the Porcupine river and reestablished the post which the Hudson's Bay Co. had abandoned some years before.

Rampart House has had a very interesting history, being started back in 1863 when the determination of the international boundary drove the company back from Fort Yukon. Mr. McDougall, who was in charge, and is still living, a resident of Victoria, tried to make a bargain with American traders to take over the post, but not doing so, burnt it down. He went east some forty or fifty miles, and feeling sure that he was in Canada, built another. Later he found that he was still in the United States and another fire took place. Finally he located at Rampart House, which is just east of the boundary line.

While the country north of Edmonton has large possibilities from an agricultural point of view, particularly as grazing land after a certain distance down the Mackenzie is traversed, it is in connection with its minerals and timber that Mr. Cadzow expects to see it developed to the greatest extent. Its asphalt, salt, galena, mica and copper, the flow of natural gas and the undoubted evidence of oil, there is no question about.

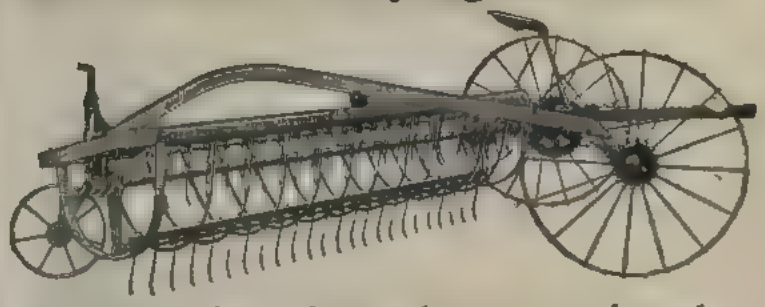
But it has never been properly prospected, and never will be till the railway is built. More than enough has been discovered to justify the construction of this, but once people get in there, he believes that things will happen which will astonish the world and throw Cobalt quite into the shade.

Of the beauties of travel in the northland, he cannot speak too enthusiastically. During the four or five hundred miles that the Mackenzie runs through the Rockies, the river is an extremely beautiful one and Mr. Cadzow is confident that there will be no more popular tourist trip in America than that down this mighty stream with the sight of the midnight sun at the end of the journey.

"Bobby," said the lady in the tube railway, severely, "why don't you get up and give your seat to your father? Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for the strap?"

"Not in a train," said Bobby.

McCormick Haying Machines



YOUR haying tools must be strong and steady; they must work easily and smoothly; they must get all the hay and put it into the best shape possible. That is why you should consider McCormick haying machines—mowers, rakes, tedders, side delivery rakes, windrow hay loaders, etc.—for **I H C** hay machines have never been beaten for good work in the field or for durability, at any time or place.

McCormick local agents sell these machines. When they sell you a **McCormick** machine for the harvesting of your hay crop, they sell you the best in hay machine design and construction that the market affords. Canadian farmers have called **McCormick** standard for many years. You buy a machine that you can depend upon; that will give you perfectly satisfactory service.

Drop a line to the nearest branch house and we will direct you to the nearest agent handling our machines, and will also send you interesting catalogues on any of these machines you may be interested in.

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Then think of the *equally good* **Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano**, which we will put in your home for $100 less, under a positive protecting guarantee of ten years.

If you carefully weigh all the facts and the evidence we can furnish, you will do as thousands of others have done—decide that the $100 is as good to you as to any piano firm—and choose a

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Here's another:

It is the simplest of cars to drive. On the steering column is a set of electric buttons. By just pressing these buttons the car is started, stopped and lighted.

Everything about the Overland is designed for comfort and convenience. It is distinctly a family car.

Our dealer has a new one for you. Spring is here. Order yours to-day.

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4 Passenger Coupe
All Prices f o b. Hamilton, Ontario

Model 81, $1135
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THE WILLYS-OVERLAND OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

Ten, Twenty, Thirty

Continued from page 32

fect" and ready to appear on two hours' summons.

We were spinning down Christie Lake one afternoon. Robert Marks was officer-of-the-watch and I was deck-hand. He talked in the easy take-your-time-about-it style of a lazy summer's day, but to my ears it contained a pretty good precipitate of showman's philosophy.

"The best time to go into a town with a show is immediately after the declaration of a strike. The average workman meets his chum. 'Bill', says he, 'we're going to win this strike'. 'Right you are' says Bill, 'and in two weeks they'll be crawling at our feet.' 'Let's go to the show to-night.' About ten days after a strike begins, the first jubilation wears off and, as a show-Manager, I prefer to be some place else.

"There are two kinds of people we try to draw and keep drawn: the young man and his girl who want to see every show end with a marriage, and the middle-aged unromantic team of housekeepers who look on marriage as a chestnut and want to see some of the tragedy and clash of fiction. Then, of course, *everybody*, young and old or middle-aged, loves a comedy. The comedian's jest is the great universal tonic. Above everything else the world wants to laugh, and the man who can sell tickets to a laugh is on his way to fortune.

"The great appetite of the masses of show-goers to-day is for melodrama. Despite what 'experts' say, melodrama is the one great perennial in the theatrical business. We have been playing melodramas for over twenty-five years and they never fail to draw except in the bigger towns where the public is made over-fastidious by frequent visits of the dollar-fifty companies. And of all shows the *clean* show is the winner. For the lifetime of the Marks' enterprises our people have absolutely refused to compromise on honest and orderly entertainment. Stock companies must depend on *family* patronage and the vast majority of Canadian and American families are founded on wholesome standards.

"Children travel with our companies. Children are great business-getters especially at matinees for the mothers and kiddies are usually daffy about other mothers' kiddies. *Only*, stage children can break as easily as make the popularity of a show. Trot out the little actor once or twice with a note or a bouquet of flowers or a speech of five or six lines and all the women and children of the audience clap their hands and cheer. But give the youngster a *long* part, fetch him on the stage six or eight times during the four acts and you will hear the same women flare up with indignation and exclaim: "The idea of submitting the little darlings to such long hours and all that excitement! Where are the police when these outrages are going on?"

"Are they well mated?" "Perfectly. She's afraid of automobiles and he can't afford one."

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A circular solid, every point in whose perimeter is equidistant from the strawberry.

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"Distantly," replied Pat. "Tim was my mother's first child and I was her twelfth."

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THE O K MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Howley's Mother

Continued from page 15

eyes, half closed, confused and sullen—for the moment beaten, but with more of peace in her breast than at any time since the lasso had dragged her from the free life of the range.

It was about this time that Suzanne Simpkins, in the quiet of her apartment, working cheerfully on the dress she was making for the rich Mrs. Bernstein — working late, because of the hay and oats and stable-rent she must now pay for, and the saddle, bridle and riding pad she must buy and the hours she would want for a ride in the sunlight—was saying to herself that in the morning she would go around to Mr. Howley's stable and kiss her pony's nose!

The pony followed Mr. Howley into the stable and up the incline to the stalls in the rear. She was given a box-stall with a thick bedding of clean straw.

When Mr. Howley returned to his sitting room, he found his mother without her knitting, but with two bowls of steaming gruel on the table.

"Men had a hard time with the dressmaker's pony," he said indifferently, "but it's all right now. Did I tell you I'm going to have a roof garden for the horses?"

"Will anything grow up there?"

"Why not, if it has the soil?"

"Then I'd like a few beds of vegetables. I haven't had a good mess of peas since I left the parsonage."

"All right. I'll fence off an end of it for you."

This idea of a roof garden stayed with Mr. Howley after he had kissed his mother good night and retired to his own room. Then he dismissed it or rather deposited it among those projects to be brought forth again and promoted in due time.

It had been a busy day, but all of Mr. Howley's days were busy, much more so than anybody knew. Even he was not conscious of the amount of business, large and small, he accomplished day by day. Things large and small were all the same to him. He could build an empire or mend a strap with equal ease. He moved and thought, decided and executed, without excitement or hurry. Every night his slate was full and every morning found it clean again.

That night the moment his head touched the pillow, he was asleep. At five he was awake and up. He bathed and dressed in fifteen minutes, left his room briskly, stopped at the kitchen door to say "good morning" to his mother, then descended to the second floor, a signal for the night watchman to retire and the work of the day to begin.

As if by magic, at his entrance the horses began to whinny and coax. There was a sound of cleaning in the stalls, of hay rustling as it filled the racks, of oats pouring from measures into the mangers. He passed to the ground floor and with his own hands rolled back the main doors opening on the street, and stood there for a few moments, viewing the world of a new day, like mine host before his inn.

His foreman arrived and together they entered the office, passed on bills, looked at the market report, made a list of purchases, decided on the dis-

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charge and the hiring of help, reviewed the condition of the horses, laying Fanny off for a day, sending Joe to pasture for a month, ordering the sorrel team brought in for work again. All this was finished by six o'clock and Mr. Howley went up to breakfast.

The morning papers were on the arm of his chair and a telephone stood on the table within reach.

Mrs. Howley, serving breakfast, was an agitated old lady, solicitous and anxious and a little trembly. When, however, it was all upon the table and the man had found it good, she rose from her humility, an upright moral force. She had done her part, now let the rest of the world do as well!

Mr. Howley ate his breakfast and read the papers, giving a digest of them to his mother, who listened with eyes shining through her glasses, shedding over the affairs of men the light of an elemental and aggressive intelligence. There were days when Mr. Howley spent the entire morning at the dining-room table, reading, figuring, drawing rough plans and talking over the telephone with his office, or the world outside. But this morning his time was short.

"I see," said Mr. Howley, "that they got the price of Blackbird eight hundred. It was seven seventy."

"What's the name of the other one and what did she pay for it?"

"It was called Wildcat out where it came from, but they registered it as Kitten for the sale. I never saw a horse jump and buck worse. She got it for a hundred.

"I see," continued Mr. Howley, his newspaper spread wide before him, and then the telephone rang. He listened at the receiver with a peculiar expression of pleased embarrassment. He hesitated, looked furtively at his mother and said, "Oh, well—well, yes—well, I'll be down in a moment."

He rose hastily.

"If it's that Suzanne Simpkins," said his mother sharply, "I want you to bring her up here. I want to see the old maid dressmaker that buys a bucking broncho for a hundred dollars and - " He left the room, closing the door softly. She hurried to it and called after him:

"I want to see her, do you hear?"

"Yes, yes, I'll bring her up."

She closed the door with a bang and stood in the middle of the room, pale and cold.

Mr. Howley hurried to the office in a state of agitation unusual with him. He attributed it to his mother's conduct.

Suzanne was standing just inside the stable door, the light of the first real spring morning falling around her. In spite of her rather severe gray gown and plain black hat, trimmed only with

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In territory where we are not now represented a [illegible] agent can [illegible] Model J [illegible] Weighs 50 lbs.

a velvet band, she seemed a charming creature, radiating youth and expectancy. The fact is, she had wakened that morning with such a thrill of delight as she had not felt since the mornings of childhood had brought a joyous confidence in something wonderful the day would bring. She had come running to Mr. Howley's stable, bringing this returned spirit of her youth with her, and her form and face, even the quality of her voice, expressed it

"I came to see my pony!" she said, breathless from eagerness. And then, suddenly, a shadow crept into her eyes. Perhaps this promise of delight would also pass with the day, and she would find herself again sewing and saving and giving to others for her reality, and for her pleasures only phantoms

"Well, sir," said Mr. Howley, recovered from his agitation and expanding with a genial warmth, "come right along with me."

The shadow vanished. She beamed on him, dimpled and smiling, and tripped to his long stride through the dark stable, carrying something of the light of the spring day with her

They walked up the incline to the second floor and passing through the harness room, extending under the living rooms above, walked through an alley leading by the granaries and reached the stalls in the rear.

"I have decided," said Suzanne gleefully, "to keep her name Kitten."

"That's good," he answered absently

They were just passing under his living room and the thought of his mother troubled him. How on earth was he to take Suzanne to her—on what pretext—and what was the sense of it, anyway? Yet he knew that whether foolish or not, his meeting with Suzanne had assumed a tragic significance in the mind of his mother. He must bring them together and leave the rest to fate

Suzanne looked into his face:

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, sinking easily from the airy heights to the wistful patient manner reality seemed always to require

"No, no!" he shook himself and laughed but got no further, for as they reached the stalls he heard a succession of sharp blows and the sound of rending wood. He hurried forward, followed by Suzanne

A stable boy was standing near one of the box stalls dejectedly, holding a currycomb and brush. The door of the stall was battered. One of the boards, split in two, was just rebounding from the opposite wall to the floor.

"I can't do nothing with her, sir," said the boy

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Howley in a large, good-humored voice "She's not used to a stall——"

This Sample of

LUX

is for you, Madam!

WHAT is LUX? It is a soap of unusual purity made into the thinnest of flakes that readily dissolve in hot water. It makes a creamy, foamy lather that cannot injure the daintiest fabric or the hands.

LUX is a wonderful life lengthener of all woollen and flannel garments. It absolutely prevents them from matting, thickening or shrinking in the wash.

Will you let us send you a sample, free?

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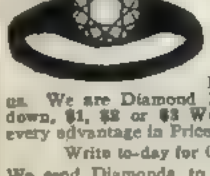

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"Is it Kitten?" gasped Suzanne.

"And all she needs," continued Mr. Howley, "is a little civilized society and a friend or two——"

Mr. Howley opened the door of the stall and stepping in, confronted the pony with a smiling face and a large expanse of strong and kindly person. Kitten snorted and backed away. She stretched out her neck and gazed at Mr. Howley curiously.

A cheerful whinny sounded in the next stall and Blackbird thrust his nose over the partition. Kitten lifted her head and whinnied excitedly.

"They like each other, don't they, Mr. Howley?"

Suzanne put her hand upon his arm and stood close beside him, laughing and looking at her pet with the fond indulgence of a mother for a precocious child.

At the sound of her voice, Kitten pricked her ears and lifting her head, looked at Suzanne with great, wondering, innocent eyes. Suzanne patted her neck and taking an apple from her reticule, held it to her pony's nose. Kitten fumbled it a moment, then bit it in two.

Mr. Howley and Suzanne looked at each other and laughed and the pony, relaxing her rigid limbs, crunched her apple till the juice trickled from her mouth.

"I must get me a saddle and bridle and some blankets and things. I don't know what kind of a bit she's used to, but I like a light snaffle and curb, don't you?"

"You don't need to buy anything," said Mr. Howley. "I've got everything you'll want in my harness room."

"Oh, no," said Suzanne stiffly, "I shall want my own."

"Well, use mine for a while anyway, until you know just what you want."

"I know now," said Suzanne promptly. "I've taken the *Bit and Spur* for years. I shall get me an army saddle."

"Going to ride straddle!" exclaimed Mr. Howley.

"Yes," said Suzanne, "cross-saddle."

"How long since you've ridden that way?"

"I never rode any other way."

She did not tell him that she had not ridden at all.

"How much will it cost me to keep her here?"

They were outside the stall and Mr. Howley was wondering how to propose her call upon his mother. He could feel the similarity in the two women—like and unlike as a different treatment of the same theme—the one didactic and literal, the other whimsical and poetic; the one engraved in plain letters on glazed paper and bound in boards, the other writ in a varying hand on thin parchment, bound in flexible leather.

Get Your Farm Home from the Canadian Pacific

GET your new home in the Canadian West with its magnificent soil, good climate, churches, public schools, good markets, unexcelled transportation and the comforts of civilization. Take twenty years to pay. The land is sold only to settlers who will actually occupy and improve it. We make our prices and terms so attractive because we want farmers and because *our* success depends on yours. Come where you can get ten acres for every acre you now own or farm, where every acre will produce as large crops as the highest-priced mixed-farming lands anywhere. Mother Earth provides no better land than this rich virgin Western Canadian soil. Government reports for the past years easily prove this.

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[illegible] married man, of farming experience and have sufficient farming equipment to carry on the work, with no other security than the land itself, and give you twenty years to repay it. This shows our confidence in the land and its ability to create prosperity for you and traffic for our line. This money will provide your buildings, your fences, sink a well, etc. [illegible]

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To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts, we will advance [illegible] under lien note. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming. Interest 6 per cent. **If you want a ready-made farm our experts have prepared one for you.** If you want a ready established farm ready to step into—select one already developed by [illegible]. These improved farms have buildings and [illegible]. They are well watered, fenced and cross-fenced, and all [illegible]. Our experts will help you select the farm you want to. Write for special terms. [illegible] expert advice—the valuable [illegible] in charge of agricultural operations [illegible] for [illegible] farms. To enable [illegible] loans, special easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

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Increase your farm holdings by buying [illegible]. Where else will you get such **low prices and twenty years to pay for your land?** Write us and let us give you full information how you can do this. If you have a farm for sale or exchange, tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific. Get them for your neighbor. We [illegible] will gladly give you all the help and information we can. **Do it TODAY always the best day.**

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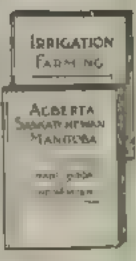
The Canadian Pacific offers you the great [illegible] for grain growing, cattle, hogs, sheep and horses, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming. Irrigated [illegible] for intensive farming, with ample rainfall for mixed and grain farming. **Remember these lands are located on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.** And you can start on irrigated or other land, improved or unimproved.



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Realize therefore [illegible] opportunities presented in Canada's farm areas owing to the present [illegible]. Best Areas are [illegible] to feed her great population. Wheat [illegible] here is the last best West. The [illegible] The best lands are [illegible]. **Write today for books illustrated.**

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is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless ornamental fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.

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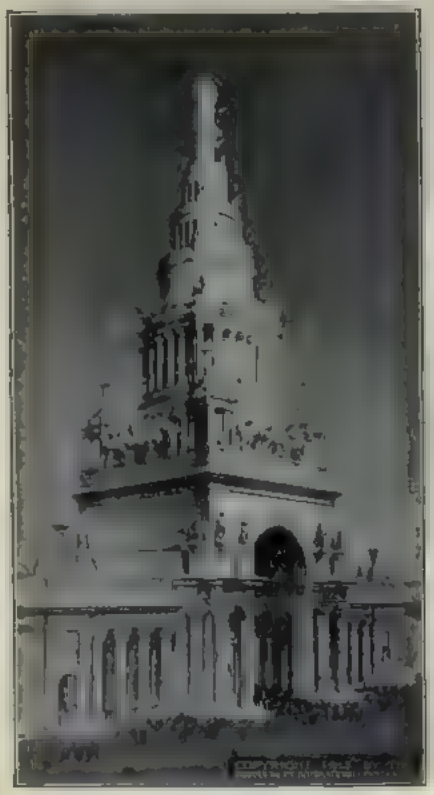

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Travel to California via the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC. The same fares in most cases and an additional charge on low excursion fares to cover the cost of meals and berths on Pacific coast steamships apply on this magnificent new scenic route as on the more direct routes from Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago and all eastern points. THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL is as great in magnitude and interest as the Panama Canal. You see the Canadian Rockies at their best and the wonderful Fraser and Skeena Rivers of British Columbia besides enjoying a two days trip through the "Norway of America" on the G. T. P. Coast Steamships—the surest, finest and fastest in that service.

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Lowest Fares — Electric Lighted Trains
Fine Service — Modern Equipment
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For rates, full particulars and advertising matter, apply to any agent of the Company, or J. Quinlan Bonaventure Station, Montreal or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL, Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.
E. W. P. HINTON, Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.

He knew that he must not offer to keep the pony free.

"Well," he said firmly, "I must charge you fifteen dollars a month. Of course that covers everything—delivering her saddled at your door and bringing her home when you're through, also doctoring when sick. I couldn't do it for less. It's business, you know."

"Oh, I think that's very reasonable. I've seen advertisements——"

"Robbers!" exploded Mr. Howley. "And they'll cheat you at that. Why, hay's only eighteen dollars a ton and oats sixty cents a bushel when you buy them, and I raise all mine myself."

They were nearing the door leading to the private hallway and the apartments above

"Say," he said abruptly, "I want you to meet my mother—fine woman—come on up."

"But," said Suzanne, hesitating, "perhaps she won't want to, it's too early——"

"Not for mother—she said to bring you."

Suzanne looked at him quickly, surprised. He was embarrassed.

"I guess she wants a dress made," he said, "or something."

They found Mrs. Howley seated stiffly before a small table in the sitting room, dressed in a shining black alpaca with a crocheted collar and what looked like a lace doily on her head.

There were three cups and saucers, a pitcher of cream, a bowl of sugar and a pot of tea on the table. She rose severely as Mr. Howley ushered in Suzanne.

"I thought you might like some tea with us," said Mrs. Howley, fixing her eyes sharply upon Suzanne. "My son had hardly finished his breakfast when you called."

"It smells good," said Suzanne, going to the table. She felt in the presence of something intense and tragic rather than hostile. She did not feel any menace to herself, but rather that she must move softly lest she hurt this other woman. It was so strange and unexpected but she had no time to think about it.

She smiled as she met Mrs. Howley's gaze, but in her eyes there was only a great sadness and the worn look came to her face, making it seem cold.

Mrs. Howley's countenance suddenly softened. She looked quickly from Suzanne to her son, tried to say something, then rose and hurried from the room.

"I guess I'd better go," whispered Suzanne

Mr. Howley nodded and tiptoed to the door.

"Mother is pretty old," said he, as they went down the stairs to the street together, "and she *will* do all the work."

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It is absolutely pure, conforming to all Pure Food Laws. It is of high quality, being made from choice cocoa beans, skilfully blended.

Its flavor is delicious, because it is made without the use of chemicals, by a strictly mechanical process that perfectly preserves the appetizing NATURAL flavor of high-class cocoa beans.

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See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

Small Packets, 9 Powders
Large Packets, 36 Powders

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES.

MANUFACTORY: 128 NEW NORTH ROAD LONDON, ENGLAND

"She adores you," murmured Suzanne. She looked into his eyes, her own bright with moisture.

"You'll like her when you know her better," said Mr. Howley.

Suzanne's heart was absurdly light as she left him. The night before she had suddenly reached out and into her hand had flown some fluttering thing that seemed like happiness. She feared to lose it. She dared not close her hand, she dared not look too close but she could still feel it there.

Mr. Howley went into his office but he could not get his mind on his business. Thoughts of his mother upstairs, alone and troubled, weighed upon his spirit. He could feel no pleasure in Suzanne, if his mother were to grieve because of her. Perplexed, he went upstairs.

Mrs. Howley was washing the breakfast dishes. She smiled upon her son, with a rare softness of expression.

"I wish," she said, "you'd have Miss Simpkins come and sew for me."

Mr. Howley gazed with his mouth open.

"Well!" exclaimed his mother, sharply.

"Of course—certainly," he said hurriedly, "I've always wanted——"

"I'll not have any new fangled things," she interrupted. "She can do plain sewing, can't she?"

Mr. Howley looked relieved. "I guess," he assured himself, "they'll work it out in their own way."

He was not one to interfere very much with a person's ways but dealt solely with results. Nor did he count upon an end to anything. He sensed life as shift and change—reaching for what he wanted, taking what he could, and brooding very little over what he missed.

Of course he missed the fact that from that moment she began, silently, to lay the affairs of life away. He did not know that when he left her, she went to her room and lay down, conscious for the first time of age and weariness. We seldom know when those about us begin to pack for the long trip—especially if they are old and go about it leisurely, as Mrs. Howley did. She gave no outward sign of change but through succeeding days was to all appearances the same tireless and indomitable spirit, grimly observant of her son, as he beamed upon Suzanne, already seeing these two moving about in this familiar setting, alone, herself away.

Meanwhile, Suzanne was discarding her well worn garments and doing an unwonted amount of spring shopping for herself, and Mr. Howley would often forget his most important business concerns, to find himself wondering if he should have his beard cut off or only trimmed.

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Where the glacier-fed rivers commence their thousand mile journeys to two Oceans. You canoe in sight of snow-clad peaks in the keen air of Canadian pine forests.

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Stop over where you choose—no extra fare.

Send for "Resorts in the Rockies," obtainable from any C.P.R. Agent, or A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Montreal, Que.

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IOCO LIQUID GLOSS

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It makes old furniture and floors look like new, and the whole house more livable.

Ioco Liquid Gloss will polish any highly finished surface. Try it on your motor. It both cleans and preserves the varnish.

Dealers everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY
LIMITED
BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

Made in Canada

Taking the Nerve Cure Under Fire

Continued from page 12.

went! We dropped flat down into the mud. When the light burned out we went on till we could hear the Germans talking and coughing. Coming back, I got caught in our own barb wire and 'Gippy' had a helluva time helping me get free. It's mighty lonely out there."

"Gippy" had the fire blazing brightly by this time, and we had the best breakfast I've tasted since leaving England—bacon, tea, bread and toasted cheese. The wood for the fire came, I believe, from a ruined barn two hundred yards in front of our trenches. The issue of coke is not sufficient to make tea more than about eight times in twenty-four hours, and as the Tommies like hot tea about fifteen times a day, they "scrouge" for the extra fuel. The water supply was kept in an empty rum jar, filled twice a day from a stream at one end of the trench

After breakfast we had several cautious peeps at the ground in front of our trenches. One could see some straggling barb wire, then a stretch of mud, then a ruined house and barn, and beyond them, five hundred yards away, a low bank of muck, the German trench. There wasn't a sign of life One could not look over the parapet for more than ten seconds, however, without hearing a zip, zip, zip and the thud of bullets striking the bank. The German snipers are good and we were very lucky to escape casualties. One of our fellows had a hole bored through his cap by a bullet that passed within half an inch of the top of his skull.

Dinner was a sumptuous meal, consisting of a "McConk" ration of vegetables and meat, bread, jam and tea. We amused ourselves through the afternoon sniping at the German loopholes. One chap in our company put three bullets in succession through a loophole where he claimed with the aid of glasses to have seen the muzzle of a German machine gun. Twenty bullets buzzed over his head or spattered him with dirt for his pains

After dark we slipped out of the trench across the field, and back down the road. We were sniped at but no one was hit.

The next time we went into the trenches, our platoon was given a section of trench to hold by itself.

It was a bright moonlight night when we went up, and coming along the road, the Germans turned a machine gun on us. We could hear the bullets hitting the walls of a ruined farm beside the road. Curiously enough, no one even bothered to duck. We just walked straight ahead. I don't think any of us ever expected to be under fire in such

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Just fill out the coupon and we will [illegible] a complete outfit to begin earning money at once.

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500-516 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

If you are making less than $30 a week [illegible] to do. We can help you and start you by our [illegible] work when you [illegible] where you [illegible] have money and the means of making more money.

JUST LISTEN TO THIS. One man started from San Francisco and went to New York. He made a net profit of $[illegible] on the trip. Two others made [illegible] up more than $3[illegible] every day he was out. Another man worked [illegible] and has over 9 months, and [illegible] there was still $[illegible] profit. Another educational student [illegible] has penetrated [illegible] and took in $[illegible] a day for month after month. In fact wherever you go [illegible]

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a matter of fact way. We all expected to be a little fluttered, but, as a matter of fact, we found the whole thing uninteresting. The reason for our indifference, I think, was that even in those first days of our active service, we had all come to believe that "we'll be hit when our time comes, and not before."

We found our section of trench rather wet and the pump out of order. It was rather unpleasant for us N.C.O.'s, who had to paddle up and down in water that varied in depth from six inches to two feet, while making the rounds. It rained a bit that night too. In the morning we were able to get the pump in working order and clear out the trench. The German snipers potted steadily at the stream of muddy water pumped out over the trench, with no further result than to shower the man working the pump with dirt.

A fog came down in the middle of the morning, and a party of us were detailed to build a sandbag barricade across the road. We had it up to a height of two feet when the mist thinned, and the Germans spotted us. Snipers and machine guns got to work on us, but we got back to the shelter safely. We didn't run for it, either.

One of the youngest chaps in the platoon was missed for a moment. He was discovered in the field behind the trench, grubbing up turnips.

"I wanted a good stew for dinner," was the only reason he gave for exposing himself.

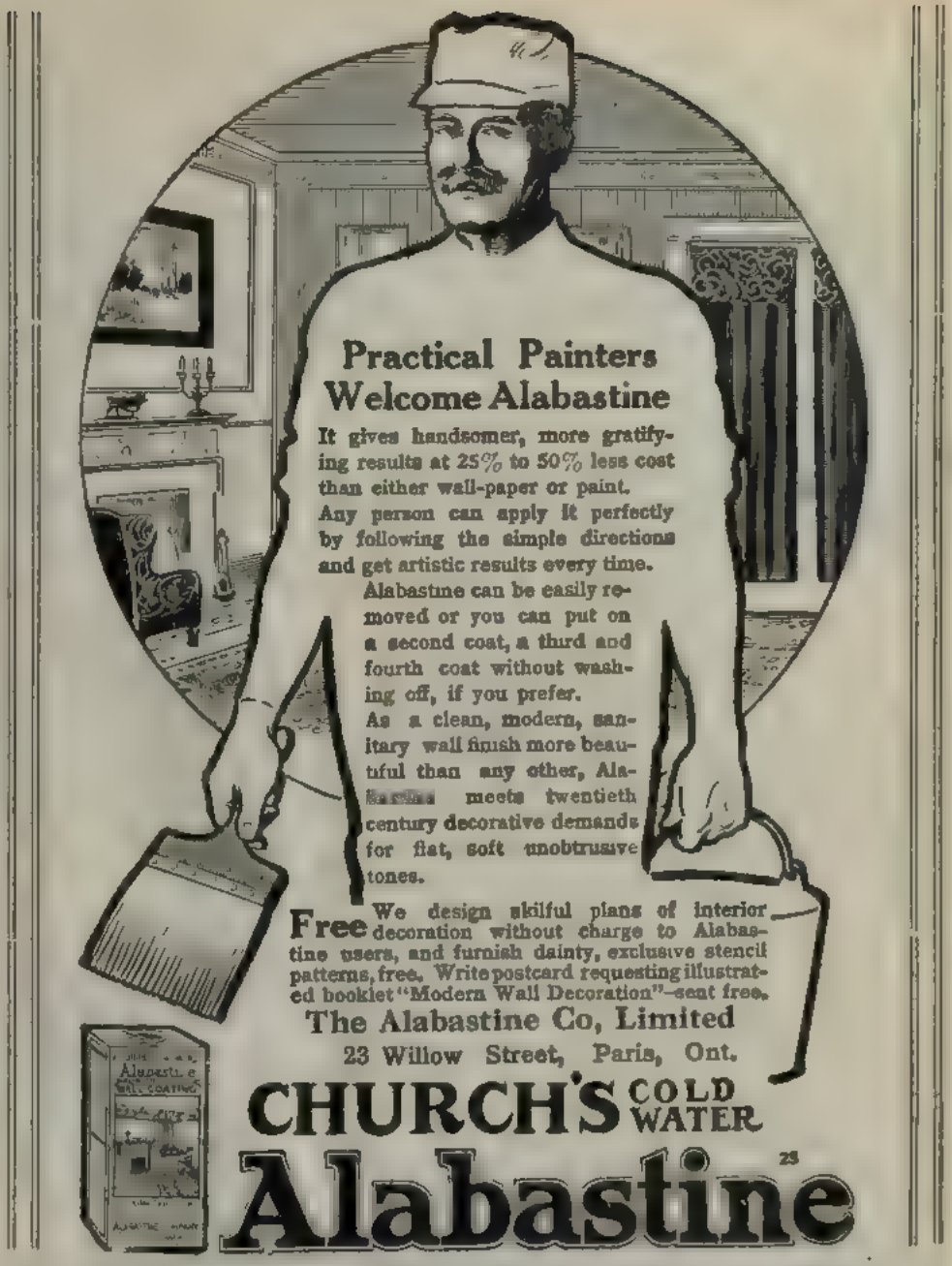
In the afternoon the sun came out and we stood in the sun outside our booby hatches and chatted or sang. One of the fellows had a copy of the Saturday Post with one of Irvin Cobb's stories about German soldiers in it. We agreed it was below his usual standard. Rather a queer place for literary criticism, wasn't it?

We made tea, and cooked our rations in the way we'd seen the regulars do it. In fact, we felt almost like veterans already.

Then next we had one day's liberty in a good-sized town just back of the firing line before marching back to our old billet. We discovered an estaminet across the square from a shrapnel-pitted church, where one could get a "biftek et chip" for a franc. We had a splendid feed. Farther down the street we found a cake shop, and feasted on patisseries. Yet we were in range of the German artillery all the time.

And how long ago those first days seem! As I said in the beginning, windmills, wrinkled peasants and shell-wrecked churches—even an occasional good run-in with the Boches—will not satisfy us long. We want the big fight that we have been promised. With our feet turned the other way, we want to cover the same ground, and more, that General French's devoted little army traversed last August. We have been promised it soon, and there are signs that it is not far off. Just now we're in advanced billet, right back of the firing line, waiting to take our regular turn in the trenches. Where we sit three men were killed and eight wounded by a German shell the day before yesterday. But at the present moment five of the fellows in the brick-floored outhouse, which is our home, are playing cards, one is writing a letter, and another is spreading margerine on his bread.

You people ought to come over and get your nerves rested up. One doesn't worry in France to-day. One just obeys orders. As a result we're relatively happy. I'll write you again soon if I don't get knocked over in the meantime.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The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 40.

Storms accompanied all his sea pranks. Neptune poured on him, this brave, even fearless man, all the vials of his wrath.

But one of the most flattering and expressive nicknames ever invented fell to the lot of a bluejacket Commander who was loved by his men as "Old Dreadnought." This was Admiral Boscawen. The battleship name is no latter day invention because in 1744, Admiral Boscawen captured the French twenty-eight gun frigate with the "Dreadnought" under his command.

Nicknames are usually the outcome of love or admiration. Hurt as one's young feelings were at being hailed as "Ankles" or "Giblets" we knew long ago that such uncouth names emanated from love, and deep family affection. Never again shall we hear that beloved voice calling out "Here, the Nipper! Here you blessed long-legged Giblets," and how the long legs used to cross each other in the awkward run! Tim of the Cross-roads calls the Pedlar many a comical (or hateful) name but there are voices in every life that are stilled forever.

CANADA TO THE FRONT

CANADA has come to the front gloriously. There is something, wonderful too in the way Canadian women are taking very fateful news. Not an outcry or whimper. And remember Canada is not hardened to war. The Pedlar gets letter after letter to his little P. O. Box 183, Hamilton Ont., I suggest the address to you merely) and some are letters from old mothers and fathers and some are from girl sweethearts of Tommy at the Front. They are sad, often tragically so, those letters, and they are not answerable at all, because despite the robin singing his vespers in the high old pear tree, and the snowdrops and crocus peering up from the garden mould, one thinks of our men lying so quietly over there in Europe, and of the splendid boys who are aching to go across. The drums call. Have you not noticed their appeal? and we rush to the door or window to see our men—children some of them—march by Shall one ever forget the march of Canadian Recruits! Not in uniform, their old working trousers sprung at the knees, they marched behind the regulars, eager, full of the earnest, deep in pride. And just one woman said in her soul "God love them, especially that youngster who marched with head eagerly thrust forward, with kneed pants and an extraordinary walk."

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—

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'That's a fire-escape. I always carry it with me, and in case of fire I let myself down from the window."

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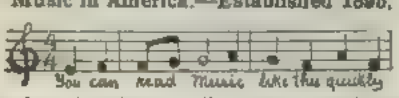

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The Jade Earring

Continued from page 36

"Yes," said the woman. "It was the 27th of November."

"That must have been quite a shock to you and your husband," said Richards. "Didn't you make any inquiries? Didn't he make any effort to find her?"

"No. Why should he? We had nothing to do with her really. She didn't owe us any money or anything. She came and stayed a while and went away. It was none of our business."

"She was pretty valuable to you in your business, wasn't she?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman. "But we could get along without her. We don't need any help from anybody."

"You couldn't hope to do much with Miss Meredith without her, could you? Not as much as you could with her anyhow?"

"Miss Meredith never came back, I tell you, so it didn't matter."

"Do you ordinarily let people go as easily as that—people that are once fairly hooked, especially when you know they are rich?"

"Well," said the medium, "we couldn't do anything without Irene, could we?"

"So you passed it all up," said Richards, "and didn't think anything more about Irene till you saw her picture in the papers—the girl they had found frozen in the ice?"

The woman nodded.

"Why didn't you come across then?" asked Richards. "Why didn't you tell us who she was?"

"We didn't owe you any favors, did we?" said the woman.

"You knew you were in wrong with the front office," said Richards. "We were pulling joints like yours all over town. You had a chance to get strong with us. If you'd given us the right tip about Irene Fournier you could have gone on as you were, and we'd never have bothered you. You must have known that. Why did you let the chance go by?"

"I don't know."

"You and your husband talked it over, did you," said Richards, "and neither of you thought of that?"

"No. We never thought of that."

"Why didn't you return the portrait when Irene went away?"

"How could we? We didn't know where Irene had got it."

All the while the lieutenant had been asking his questions I had sat beside him watching the woman, puzzling over her sullen, half defiant replies. What she said hung together well enough, but the manner of her saying it was big with potential falsehood. What was the thing she was keeping

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back—the thing that would account for her scream at the sight of Irene's face, and for that unexplained revolver shot that had changed the face of things so suddenly ?

I wished that Jeffrey had been paying a little closer attention. After hearing Richards ask a question or two, he had lounged over to the window and stood there looking out, without the slightest sign of any interest in the proceedings. I wondered if his indifference were real, or if it concealed, as it sometimes did, the materials for one of those intuitive flashes of his that used to make us all wonder at him. I wasn't left wondering long.

"By the way, lieutenant," he said, and he didn't even trouble to look around as he spoke, "when was it you raided these people ?"

Richards frowned thoughtfully and began thinking back.

"Let's see," he said. "It was a few days after New Year—the fourth. That's right, isn't it ?"

He asked the question of the woman, but she didn't answer.

"And you got them both ?" asked Jeffrey. "The woman's husband as well as herself ?"

"Sure," said Richards.

"Your husband must have got home two or three days before that, then ?" asked Jeffrey, turning now for the first time to the woman.

"Got home ?" she said. "What do you mean ?" Her face had turned suddenly white, and her eyes were staring.

"Fully three days before that," Jeffrey went on quietly. "Because the paint was perfectly dry on the canvas when the police raided you. You didn't paint out the portrait until after he came back."

"I—don't know what you mean," gasped the woman, "about his coming back. He'd never been away."

"Oh, yes he had," said Jeffrey. There was more pity in his voice than anything else. "How else could he have found out that Irene had been murdered ? The paint was dry on the canvas the fourth of January. They didn't find Irene's body until the eighth and it had been frozen in the ice for two weeks." Jeffrey waited a full minute, and just as we expected him to follow up his advantage, he picked up his hat and started for the door. About half way there he turned and with one of his characteristically quick movements was at the woman's side. "When was it your husband went away. The same day Irene did, or the day after ?"

It was the sort of situation that only such as Jeffrey could have led up to. It was a game of life and death, Jeffrey had played his card; the question now was—what did the woman hold, and would she bluff, or would she show ? There was a tense second and then :

"It wasn't him that killed her," she said. "He didn't do it. I swear he didn't do it. I killed Irene Fournier myself."

CHAPTER XI.

AN ESCAPE.

THOSE were the last intelligent words we got out of her. Richards pressed her with questions for a while, trying to get some details as to how the crime she confessed to had been committed, and where and why, but wholly without result. The woman was half hysterical, but she had self-control enough left to keep her jaw locked and her lips tight together, and the only answer she ever made was a desperate, frantic wagging of her head which might have meant anything.

So at last we called a taxi in preference to a patrol-wagon for Richards

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and the policeman to take her to the station in. While we were waiting for it, he arranged to send a plain-clothes man up to the house to keep an eye on the husband. The precaution seemed rather unnecessary, both because he was too badly wounded to make any serious attempt to escape, and because his wife's confession seemed to do away with the motive for it.

While we were waiting for the taxi to arrive, Richards explained his theory of the crime to us. It was the typical police view, but it seemed to me to hold water. Though I had a feeling that Jeffrey didn't look at it like that.. Evidently Richards shared this impression, for he tried hard to convince Jeffrey that he was right about it.

"It is all explained now, isn't it?" he said. "This Irene comes to the house, settles down there and gets friend husband buffaloed. She was a good enough looker to do it, that's sure. He gets loony about her, and the two of them run off. Wife left behind. She gets on the war-path; follows them up. Finds them together somewhere and takes a shot at the home-destroyer. Maybe she leaves her husband to get out of the fix as best he can—maybe she helps him. He can't denounce her, so he comes back to her, or with her, I don't know which yet. Anyhow, they've got to stand by each other. When she sees Irene's face in the mirror, she goes off her head and tries to kill herself. There you are!"

He wheeled round on Jeffrey, whose face was still thoughtful, and who had given no sign of assent.

"What's the matter with that?" Richards concluded. "Doesn't that explain everything?"

"Do you think it does?" asked Jeffrey.

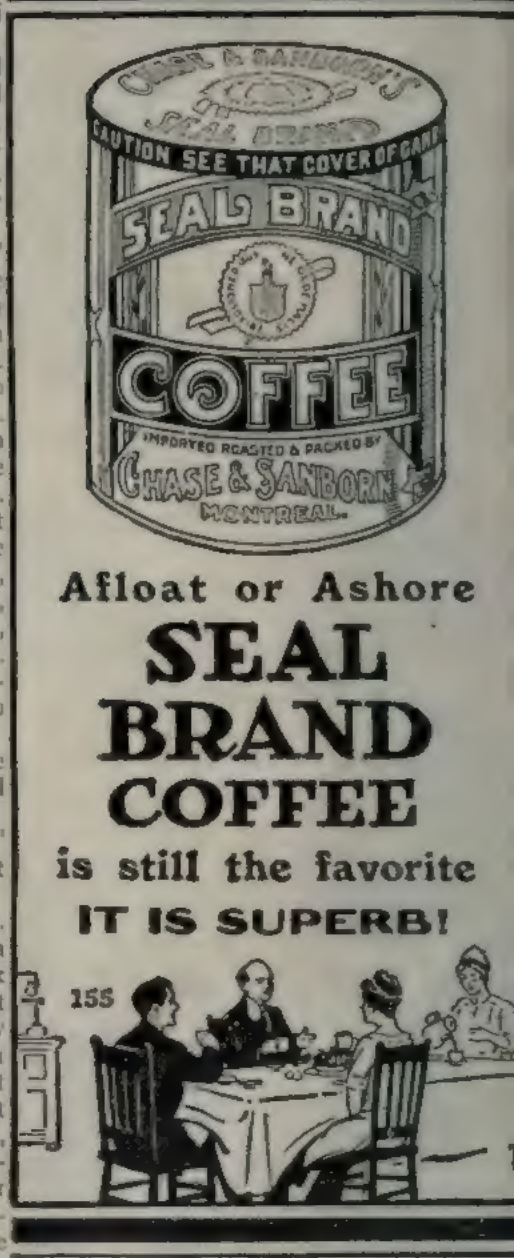
Richards threw up his hands with a gesture of exasperation. "Now look here," he said. "I suppose you've got some dinky little silver-mounted theory that you're on the trail of, and that you'll try to show up the police with it again. All right, go ahead. I've got a confession, and I've got a motive, and I've got a story that holds together. And that's good enough for me. If you think you can get anything better before this woman's case comes to trial—"

"It will never come to trial," said Jeffrey.

"All right," said Richards. "You wait and see. You go your way and I'll go mine. I'll leave you alone and you leave me alone. Does that go?"

Jeffrey laughed and patted him on the back. We were standing in the hall watching for the taxi, and as Jeffrey spoke its lights flashed round the corner.

"Two to one, Drew," he said, "that the lieutenant pays us a call within a week."



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Richards was too indignant to make an articulate answer. But it was a grunt that spoke volumes. The policeman led the woman down the hall just then, and the three of them went out together.

"All the same," said Jeffrey, as he closed the door behind them, "I wish there was a chance that the lieutenant was right about it. But there isn't. Not a chance in the world."

After the lieutenant had gone, he favored me with another prophecy and a bit of advice.

"You'd better forget all about this case for the next few days," he said to me. "Get back to your office and make up for lost time. Nothing's going to happen for a few days—nothing, at least, that you need bother about. But at the end of that time I suspect I shall be calling you in again. And when I do, I shall keep you pretty busy, so dig down to a clean desk, if you can, before that time."

I took the hint and followed his advice as well as I could. Of course we had Barton still in the house, making as good progress toward recovery as a man could be expected to make from that sort of an injury. But he was under the care of two men nurses, and orders were that he was not to be allowed to talk anyway, so it was comparatively easy for me to forget about him—easier, I suspect, than it was for Gwendolyn.

Equally, of course, I did think about it a good deal, especially on the daily trips up and down town from and to my office, trying to solve the puzzle—trying to see what it was that Jeffrey saw that made him so sure that Richard's theory of the case was wrong; so sure the case would collapse in the lieutenant's hands that he could calmly predict a further appeal for help from him within a week.

Nothing but the direst necessity would bring Richards to our doors again after what had passed between him and Jeffrey, and I honestly didn't believe he'd come.

As I counted off the days, my feeling of skepticism mounted steadily. It was just at the end of the sixth, as I was preparing to leave my office and go home to a peaceful family-dinner, that the voice of my office-boy over the desk phone announced that Lieutenant Richards had come and wished to see me.

I told him to send him in, with a recurrence of the feeling I had often experienced before, that there was something uncanny about Jeffrey. You could talk all you liked about lucky guesses and the balance of probability, without wholly shaking off a feeling of almost superstitious dread, when his prophecies came true like that.

Perhaps this one hadn't come true, though. Perhaps Richards had come to gloat over us. Why had he come here, though, I wondered? Why didn't he go to Jeffrey himself?

One look at his face, however, disposed of that alternative before the big policeman had fairly shut the door behind him.

"Isn't he here yet?" he asked.

"Do you mean Jeffrey? Why should he be here?"

"I've been trying to get hold of him for two days," said Richards. "This noon I got word by telephone—an out-of-town call—saying that he'd meet me here at five o'clock."

"For two days!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know he had left town."

Richards nodded sourly.

"How about it?" I asked. "Does Jeffrey win his bet again? Is it for help on the Fournier case that you want to see him?"

"This thing's past a joke," said Richards as he noted the smile with which I asked the question. "It's all very well to keep things to yourself and let other people go chasing wild-

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geese, but when it's an important murder, that sort of Smart Aleck business is dangerous."

I didn't point out to Richards that he had deliberately refused Jeffrey's help six days ago, because I knew he remembered it as well as I did. Besides, I was intensely curious, and I wanted him in a good humor. So I placated him as well as I could with kind words and a good cigar, and his complaints subsided into a mere occasional rumbling of protest that Jeffrey was keeping him waiting.

"It isn't quite five o'clock yet," I said. But just as I spoke there came a single tap on the bell in the self-winding clock that sets itself every hour, and Jeffrey walked in.

He nodded at me and grinned at the lieutenant.

"Well," he asked cheerfully, "how goes it?"

"Damn bad," said Richards, "and you know it."

His grievance was wide-awake again in a minute. "It seems to me," he went on, "it's a pretty dangerous business letting the police go off hunting a mare's nest and leaving the real murderer that much better chance to escape, when you knew all the while the woman had an alibi."

"Had she an alibi?" said Jeffrey. "That's lucky."

"Do you mean to say you didn't know it? And what do you mean by saying it's lucky?"

"I do mean that I didn't know it," said Jeffrey. "And it's obviously lucky, for nothing else would have convinced you that you were on the wrong tack. Was it a good alibi?"

"Copper-riveted," said Richards. "The woman never left town at all—the Barton woman. Irene Fournier went away and Barton went away, but Mrs. Barton never left her house all the while."

"Making it highly improbable," commented Jeffrey, "that she shot a lady who was fifty miles away at the time."

"She had the lady's revolver, though," said Richards—"the gun she shot her husband with a week ago."

"A week ago to-morrow," Jeffrey reminded him.

But Richards ignored the thrust. "Well, that was Irene Fournier's revolver."

"By the way," said Jeffrey, "what is the calibre of that weapon?"

"It's a 22," replied Richards. "Why?"

"I don't know. Curiosity."

To be continued.

He—Do you think actresses should marry? She—Why, yes. How else could they get a divorce.

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